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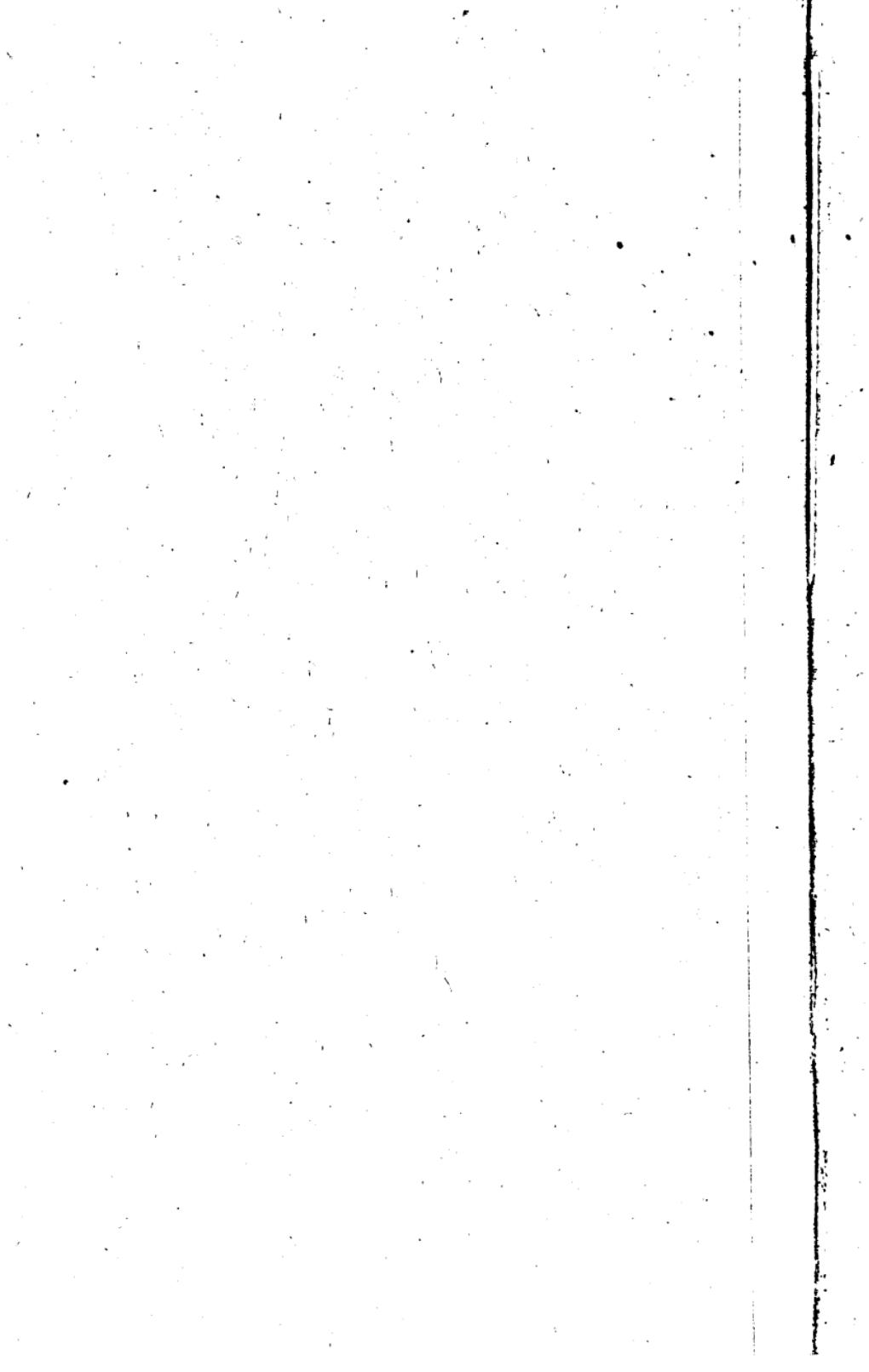
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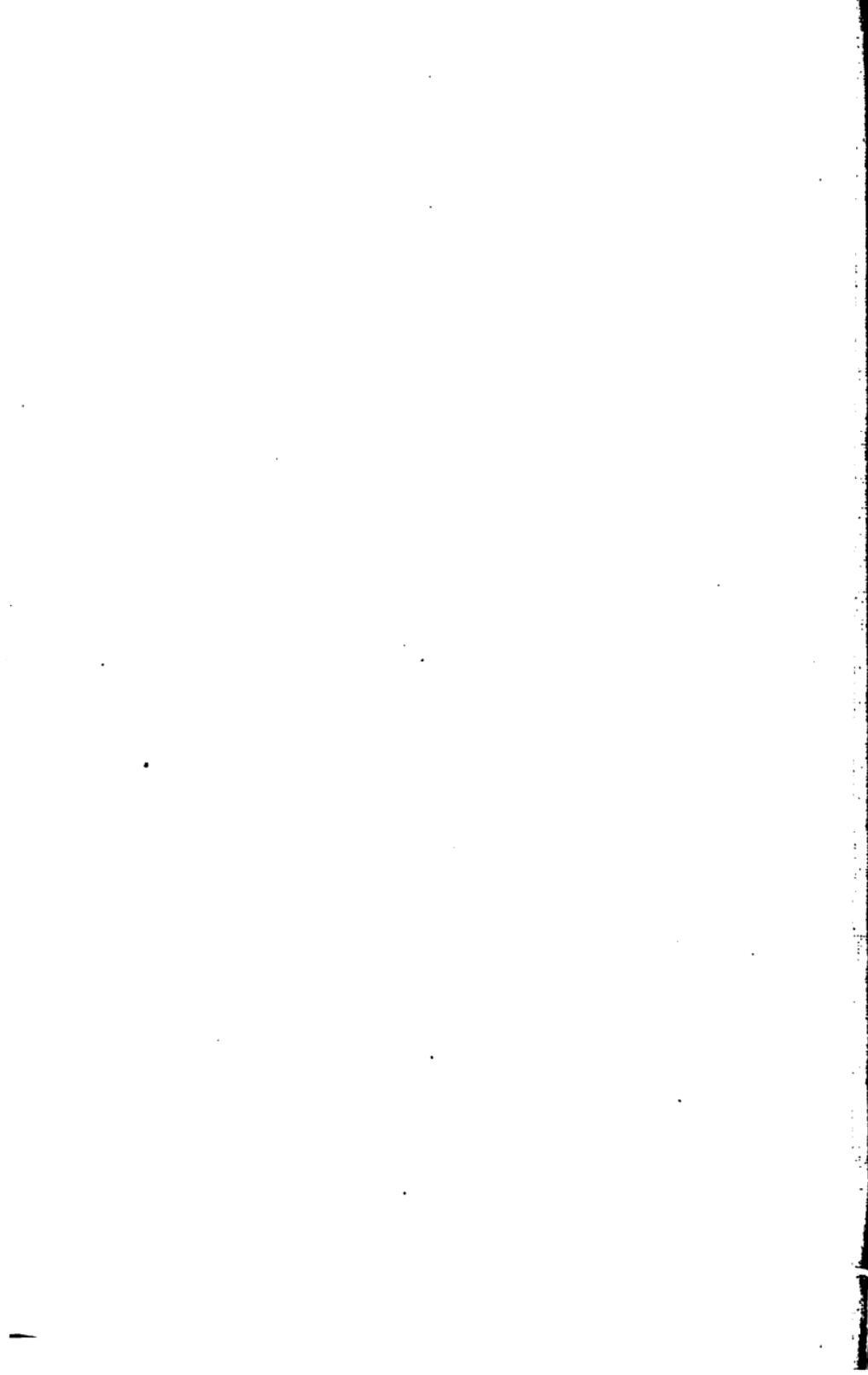
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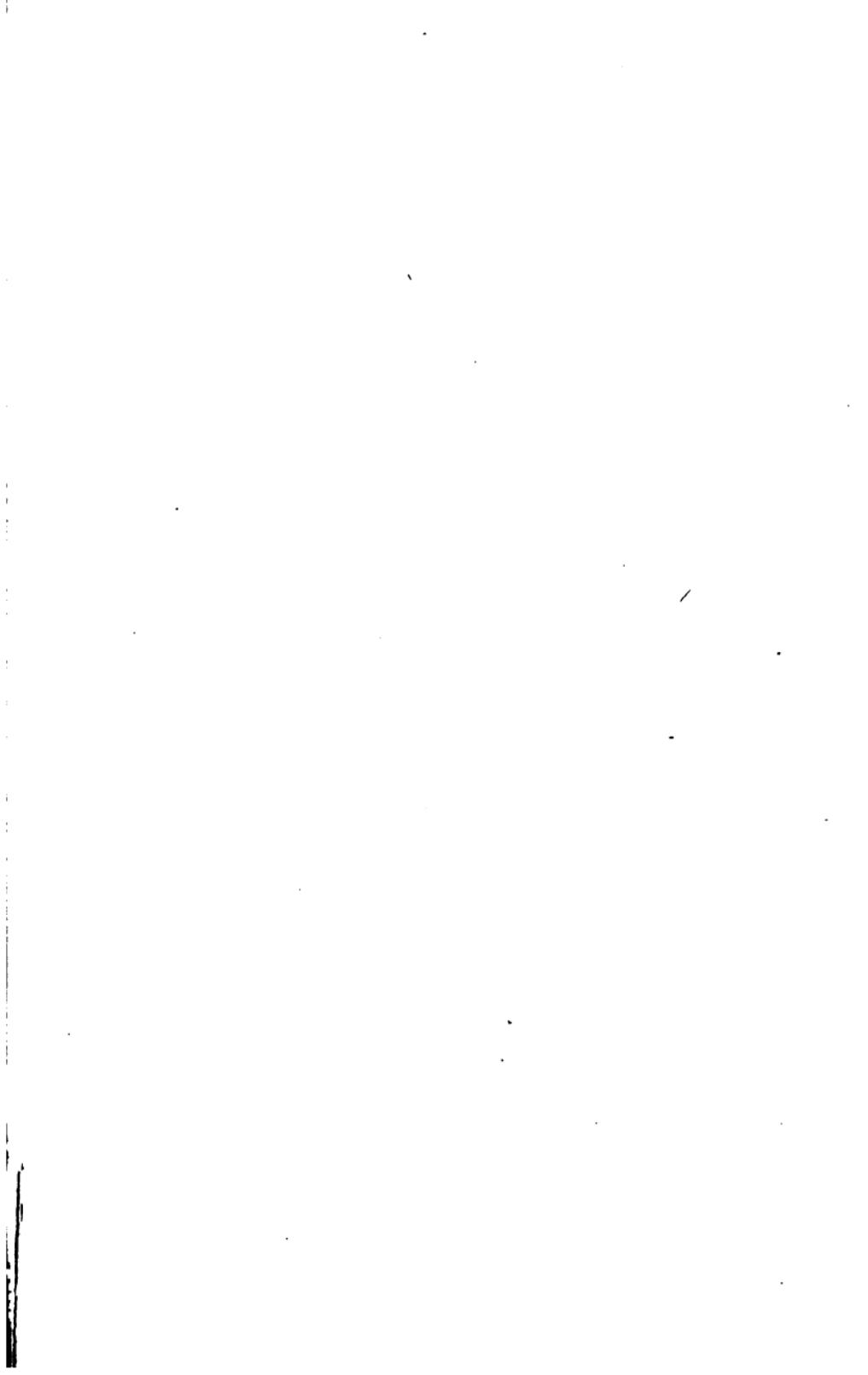
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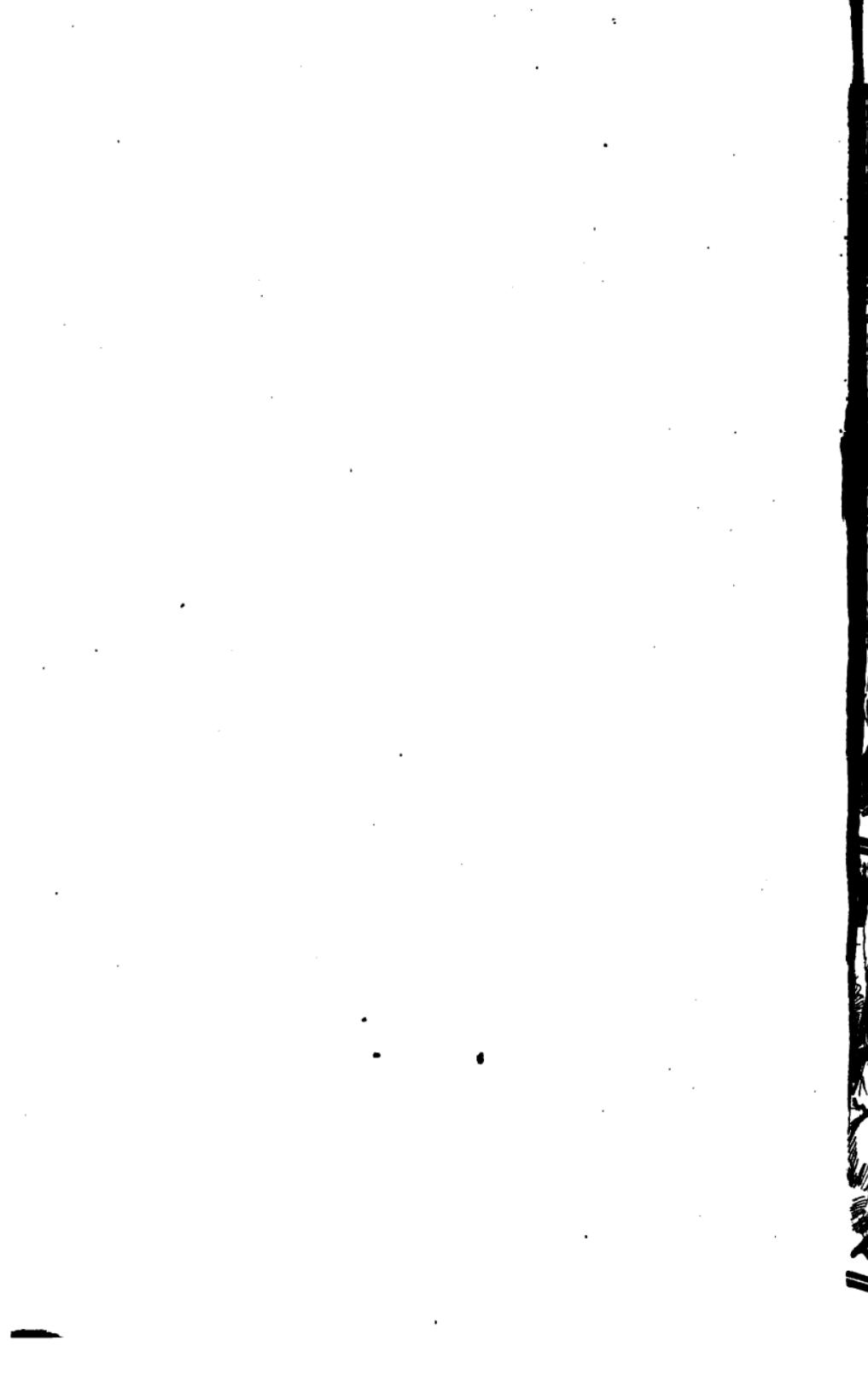
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FOR HOLIDAYS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS

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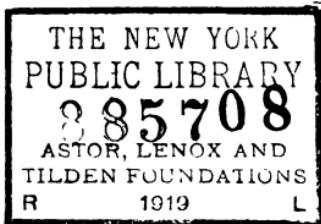
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MARIE IRISH

AUTHOR OF

“*The Little Folks’ Budget*,” “*The Best Drill Book*,” and
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THE
DAYS
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THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE.

New Year's Day.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A New Year's Exercise for Four Boys, Five Girls
and a Number of Singers.

CHARACTERS.

OLD YEAR,	JANUARY,	SUCCESS,
DECEMBER,	REGRET,	PEACE,
NEW YEAR,	FAITH,	COURAGE.

COSTUMES: **OLD YEAR.**—Dark suit, black shawl draped about shoulders and belted at waist, black skull cap, long white hair and beard, carry cane.

DECEMBER.—Dark suit trimmed with white cotton batting, cap trimmed with evergreen, white hair and whiskers.

NEW YEAR.—Knee trousers, slippers, white ruffle at neck and sleeves, bright red cape, Colonial hat.

JANUARY.—Dark suit, white sailor collar, white cuffs, green sash tied at side, white cap trimmed with evergreen.

REGRET.—Girl with black dress, black cape and black lace scarf over the head. **SUCCESS, FAITH, PEACE** and **COURAGE** wear white gowns and bright colored sashes

and caps. SUCCESS carries a large key, FAITH a scepter, PEACE a crown and COURAGE a breastplate. For the scepter, cover a small cane with gilt paper; cut the key, crown and breastplate from pasteboard; cover crown with white and the other two with gilt.

OLD YEAR (*Sitting with bowed head and speaking sadly*). Ah, how swiftly speed the hours! I, a few short months ago the buoyant New Year, have finished my course, and must enter the portal of death. How old I feel! It has been a busy life and hard one, these twelve months, yet how little I have accomplished of what I had planned. With all the good resolutions that were formed last January first I truly hoped to make this a model year, but (*Looks through a large book beside him*) these records are pretty discouraging. It is hard, when I have done the best I could, to be consigned to the ranks of the Past with so commonplace a record. I really haven't been more brilliant or wonderful than last Year was, or the Year before that, or—ah, who comes here? (*Enter REGRET.*) Who are you, my friend?

REGRET. The spirit of Regret. I am especially busy because you are about to leave us, and few indeed are they who have not need of my service at this time. Regret for hasty words, unkind deeds and sinful living; for broken resolutions, lost opportunities and wasted hours; for failure and defeat—all this and more has the world to regret as the Old Year departs. Just let me remind you of some of your mistakes of the past twelve months. Do you remember—

OLD YEAR (*Rising hastily*). Hush, I beg you! I know them—they have troubled me sufficiently already. Yet all is not regret; there is also much that is gratifying in the record of my work. Leave me, I pray you, to dwell upon that. Let me pass my last hours in peace, finding comfort in what of good I have accomplished. The past is beyond recall; it now remains for the New Year to improve upon my shortcomings. Go, Regret, and disturb me no longer.

REGRET. Yes, I go, for there are countless others whom I must visit, yet shall Memory still remain with you. (*Exit REGRET.*)

OLD YEAR. Yes, Memory remains, and much of Memory is Regret, but not all, not all. Ah, here comes December! (*Enter DEC.*) Well, my good friend, are your labors completed?

DEC. All done, and I am ready to rest. A busy month I have had of it, with furnishing coasting for the children and sleighing for Santa Claus and his reindeer; with all the exciting duties of Christmas time, I'm about done up. Like yourself, I have finished my course. January may take the reins. I have done the best I could and am ready to go.

OLD YEAR (*Taking DEC. by the hand.*). Yes, December, you have performed your duties faithfully and well. You have been of great service to me in finishing my year's work, and I thank you for it. We are old and feeble, our race is run, and together we will enter the oblivion of the past. Come, let us depart.

(*They start from stage, then stop as a chorus of children begin singing behind the scenes. They stand listening, with bowed heads, OLD YEAR leaning on his cane.*)

Tune: "Jesus loves me, this I know."

(*A soft-toned bell should be rung slowly and softly during the singing.*)

Ring the bells so soft and slow,
For the poor Old Year must go;
We shall never see him more,
For his labors now are o'er.

Farewell we're singing, while bells are ringing,
Farewell we're singing, the Old Year's work is o'er.

Ring out trouble, sin and strife,
Ring out cares and ills of life;
As the Old Year now doth go,
Ring out hardship, want and woe.

Refrain.

(OLD YEAR takes DECEMBER's arm and they pass slowly from stage as the last lines are sung. Enter NEW YEAR and JANUARY.)

NEW YEAR. My friends, allow me to introduce sturdy January, who is to be my first assistant; while I, as you may suspect, am—

(*Children behind the scenes cry out*), Happy New Year, Happy New Year! Welcome, Happy New Year!

NEW YEAR. Yes, I am the New Year, and trust I may indeed prove a happy one to you all. January and I intend to start aright and hope to make this a long-to-be-remembered year. You, my friends, must bear in mind that the success of the coming twelve months rests also with you, and while I shall endeavor to bring prosperity and happiness, you will be largely responsible for the amount which you shall receive.

JAN. Your pardon, New Year, but shall I not leave you and proceed to my duties? There is much that needs attention if we are to start the year propitiously. We must settle down to business after the festivities of the holidays, and I shall find plenty of work. The weather, I fear, needs immediate attention, and with your permission I shall begin to look around at once.

NEW YEAR. Certainly, January, that is best, and I shall depend upon you to faithfully perform your duties. I trust you will pay especial attention to the weather, and while you cannot hope to please everyone, do the best you can. (*Exit JAN. Enter PEACE, SUCCESS, FAITH and COURAGE.*)

THE FOUR IN CONCERT:

We bid you welcome, New Year,
And may your stay be bright.
We bring you gifts to help you
Perform your work aright.

COURAGE.

I bring the breastplate of Courage,
To parry the arrows of fear.

Wear it and bravely go forward
To conquer the foes of the Year.

(*She fastens her breastplate on New Year.*)

PEACE.

Since we should in harmony dwell
I bring you this crown of peace,
That from warfare, discord and strife
The world may find welcome release.

(*When the four girls enter the stage NEW YEAR should bow low to them, taking off his hat, which he then lays on a stand near. PEACE now places the crown on his head.*)

FAITH.

That the world may not lose its Faith,
Its Faith in the good and the true,
I bring you this scepter, my friend,
And trust it may greatly aid you.

(*Gives him the scepter.*)

SUCCESS.

The key of Success do I give you,
The strongest of doors 'twill unbar;
May prosperity come to the world
Through portals this key sets ajar.

(*Gives him the key.*)

NEW YEAR. Thank you, dear friends, for your kindness and these gifts, which shall increase my power and influence for good. With the breastplate of Courage, the crown of Peace, the scepter of Faith and the key of Success, I ought indeed to accomplish great things for the world. The Old is beyond recall, forever past and gone. Starting anew, may we make our records nobler and more progressive than ever before.

(Chorus behind the scenes sings:)

Tune: "Work, for the Night is Coming."

(Merrily ring a soft-toned bell while singing.)

Welcome the happy New Year,
Ring forth a greeting gay;
Let every heart be joyful
On this festive day.
Ring in a year of progress,
The world may find welcome release.
Gladly ring out the Old Year,
And ring in the New.

Lincoln's Birthday.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE PEOPLE.

An Exercise for Lincoln's Birthday.

The stage should be decorated with flags, bunting and as many pictures of Lincoln as are available. If possible, have one large picture in the center of the background, with smaller pictures on each side. Some of the same children can take part in each of the exercises if desired, as they are not on the stage at the same time.

PART I.—The Biography of Lincoln.

FIRST CHILD. Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His early home was one of poverty but of strict virtue. In 1816 his parents removed to what is now Spencer county, Indiana. Here he received a few months of schooling, the only advantages of the kind he ever enjoyed. His youth was characterized by stalwart physical growth, by great industry, honesty, and a thirst for learning. In 1830 his father removed to Decatur county, Illinois, and established himself on an uncultivated farm. Here Abraham split rails for fencing, which in later years gave him the title of "rail-splitter." During these years he mastered all the books within his reach, and hungered for more.

No. 2. In 1832 he served as captain of volunteers in the war against Black Hawk, and two years later he was elected to the Legislature of Illinois, where he

continued four years. In 1836 he was admitted to the bar, and the following year opened an office at Springfield, gradually rising to the first rank as an attorney. In politics he was a Whig in his early years, and in 1846 was elected to Congress. In 1860 he was nominated by the Republicans for the Presidency, and elected by a minority of the people, three other tickets being in the field. His election was made the occasion for the secession of the States, and the attempt to destroy the Union.

No. 3. Entering upon his duties as President, March 4, 1861, and finding that nothing but armed force could hold the States together, he reluctantly accepted the issue, mustering hundreds of thousands of troops, and waged through his first term a war of astounding magnitude, resulting in the complete triumph of the Federal authority. His emancipation proclamation, taking effect January 1, 1863, obliterated chattel slavery forever in the United States. He was re-elected by an immense majority in 1864, but was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865. He gathered around him in office the greatest minds, and he was honest, fearless, pure—a statesman and a patriot.

No. 4. Lincoln very early discerned the practical uses of knowledge and set himself to acquire it. The pursuit soon became a passion, and his deep and irresistible yearning did more for him, perhaps, than richer opportunities would have done. It made him a constant student and taught him the value of time. When he was not at work he was at his books, and carried them with him, so that he might read when he rested from labor. "When Abe and I returned to the house from work," writes John Hanks, "he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head and read. Whenever he had a chance while at work in the field, or at the house, he would stop and read." The books

within his reach were few, but of the best. Foremost among them were the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. A history of the United States and a copy of Weems' *Life of Washington* laid the foundations of his political education.

No. 5. As a writer Lincoln was imaginative, deep and forceful; as a speaker he was simple yet powerful. His first political speech, however, when he was a candidate for the Illinois Legislature, was decidedly brief and pointed. It was as follows:

"Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: I presume you know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics can be briefly stated. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful. If not, it will all be the same."

(The five who gave the biography now pass from the stage, and ten children enter who give:)

PART II.—Golden Words of Abraham Lincoln.

No. 1. "Gold is good in its place, but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold."

No. 2. "God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them."

No. 3. "Let us have that faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

No. 4. "The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

No. 5. "The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail accurately to predict them in advance."

No. 6. "No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty."

No. 7. "The world will little note, or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what the soldiers did here."

No. 8. "Of the people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said: 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.'"

No. 9. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

No. 10. No nobler reply ever fell from the lips of ruler than that uttered by President Lincoln in response to a clergyman who ventured to say, in his presence, that he hoped "the Lord was on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," replied Mr. Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

(The ten pass from the stage and nine then give:)

PART III.—Golden Sentiments to Lincoln's Memory.

No. 1. Lincoln was the greatest President in American history, because in a time of revolution he comprehended the spirit of American institutions.—Lyman Abbott.

No. 2. He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.—Garfield.

No. 3. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had trusted command and treachery on the part of those who had gained his

confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero.

—U. S. Grant.

No. 4. The best way to estimate the value of Lincoln is to think what the condition of America would be to-day if he had never lived—never been President.

—Walt Whitman.

No. 5. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will.—R. W. Emerson.

No. 6. The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by old or young. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. In Lincoln there was always some quality which fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty.—Prof. David Swing.

No. 7. His biography is written in blood and tears; uncounted millions rise and call him blessed; a redeemed and reunited republic is his monument. He was compassionate. With what joy he brought liberty to the enslaved. He was forgiving. He was great. Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or any other nation. He was good and pure and incorruptible. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he poured out his soul unto death for it. He was human, and thus touched the chord that makes the world akin.

—Rev. H. W. Bolton.

No. 8. The shepherd of the people! that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we faltered, with caution when we would be rash,

with calm, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty, devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was his.—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

No. 9. There is no name more deserving of imperishable fame than Abraham Lincoln. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze; sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their names fade from the memory of the world. Some are not honored by their contemporaries, but in subsequent ages their memories are recalled with gratitude. But here is one who was more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has his three-fold greatness: Great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world.—Bishop Newman.

St. Valentine's Day.

SENDING VALENTINES.

For six children.

One boy should be dressed to represent St. Valentine, with fancy cap, clothes decorated with bright colored hearts, and wearing a gay sash. He sits at a table on which are valentines, bright papers, scissors, mucilage, etc. As the scene opens he is writing.

ST. VALENTINE. Dear me, how am I going to get all of this work done on time? Folks may think I have a snap because I'm St. Valentine, but if they knew the energy it takes to get these millions of valentines ready they might pity me. Of course there is a lot of pleasure in it, too, and I enjoy making the boys and girls happy. Even the grown up folks are often as delighted over valentines as the children are. I could tell you some real nice stories about it if I had time, but business men are always in a hurry, and this valentine business is one of the largest concerns in the world. (*Knock is heard.*) Hello, I'm going to have company. Come in. (*Enter five children.*) Well, what can I do for you? After valentines, I suppose.

FIRST CHILD. If you please, I want to send a valentine to Santa Claus—one of your prettiest ones, that will make his eyes shine. Can you make one with holly on it, and reindeer, and a fireplace, with St. Nick filling stockings, and a Christmas tree, and—oh, lots of pretty things?

You know Santa Claus is one of the children's best

friends and you must write a verse that tells how we all love him. Tell him Christmas is the best day of the year and that we're all going to be good so he will bring us lots of presents when he comes again.

Will you do this, St. Valentine, so dear old Santa will know we want to make him happy? I'm sure he will be pleased with a nice valentine.

ST. VAL. I think it is a very good plan to remember St. Nicholas. I guess I can fix up a valentine that will delight him and I will get it started early so 'twill reach his ice palace in time.

SECOND CHILD. I want Mother Nature to have a valentine. Just think what things would look like if it were not for her trees and vines, her leaves and buds and flowers. Such a dear, good Mother as she is—cuddling, rocking and tending her children; looking after the world with a watchful eye and wreathing it with beauty.

Please, can you make her a valentine trimmed with vines and flowers and birds and pretty things, and the nicest verse you can think of to tell how much we love her? Will you do this, St. Valentine, and make Mother Nature happy?

ST. VAL. Certainly. I am glad you thought of her. Mother Nature deserves a beauty and I shall do my best to please her.

THIRD CHILD. My plea is for Father Time. I do not believe the poor old man ever received a valentine in his life. I am afraid he has a hard time of it—no friends and so many finding fault with him. Part of the world complains because he whirls the months by too swiftly, the rest scold because he is too slow, and no one is satisfied with him. My, he is old! As old as the world! He doesn't get a vacation though, has to keep at work the same as when he was young. He is a doctor, too, 'cause when I have some trouble grandma says, "Just wait and Father Time will heal it for you." She says he is the best healer of sorrows.

that ever was. I wish you would make him a valentine so pretty that it will cheer him up for a whole year.

ST. VAL. Father Time surely ought to be remembered. The poor old fellow does the best he can, but I fear he has a hard time of it. Yes, he shall have a valentine and I'll try to strike something that will please him.

FOURTH CHILD. Well, St. Valentine, I want Uncle Sam to be among the favored ones. What would we be without the United States, and what would the United States be without Uncle Sam? Liberty, Union, Freedom, Patriotism and Prosperity—he looks after them all and on the foundation of his principles is built our government. If you think Young America isn't fond of Uncle Sam just wait until the Fourth of July and we will show you.

Can you make him a valentine with guns and flags, and bells and liberty poles and fire crackers and all those jolly things on it, and a verse that will tell him how we're going to help him fight somebody when we get big? Uncle Sam is just all right—don't you think he ought to have a valentine?

ST. VAL. Of course he should and I'll see that he gets one, the jolliest one I can make.

FIFTH CHILD. I am sure you cannot guess where my valentine is to be sent. Maybe you'll say he isn't nice because so many people find fault with him. It is because I am sorry for him that I want you to make a beautiful valentine for the weather man. Of course people say he makes it too warm in summer and too cold in winter; too wet when it ought to be dry, and too dry when it ought to be wet; it hails when it ought to snow and snows when it ought to rain and is sure to rain on picnic days and the Fourth of July. In fact, there isn't another man in the world who makes as many mistakes as the weather man does.

But I'm sure the poor fellow does the best he can and with so many people to please of course no one

can be satisfied all of the time. It takes all sorts of weather to make a year and I am certain we have lots of splendid days. Will you make him a pretty valentine and tell him how much we enjoy his pleasant days and lots of the stormy ones, too—especially the snow storms?

ST. VAL. Well, I declare, who would have thought of remembering the weather clerk? He will be surprised to get something besides a scolding and I am glad you thought of the valentine. I'll do the best I can for him.

FIRST CHILD. Thank you very much, St. Valentine, for your kindness, and we are sure our friends will be delighted with the valentines you send them and be glad to be remembered. We all love to get valentines and are very anxious for the fourteenth of February to arrive. But now we must say goodbye.

ST. VAL. I hope you will always be as thoughtful of others as you have been to-day, and now let me give you a little remembrance of your visit. (*Pins a bright colored heart tied with narrow ribbon on each one.*) Goodbye, come and see old St. Valentine again.

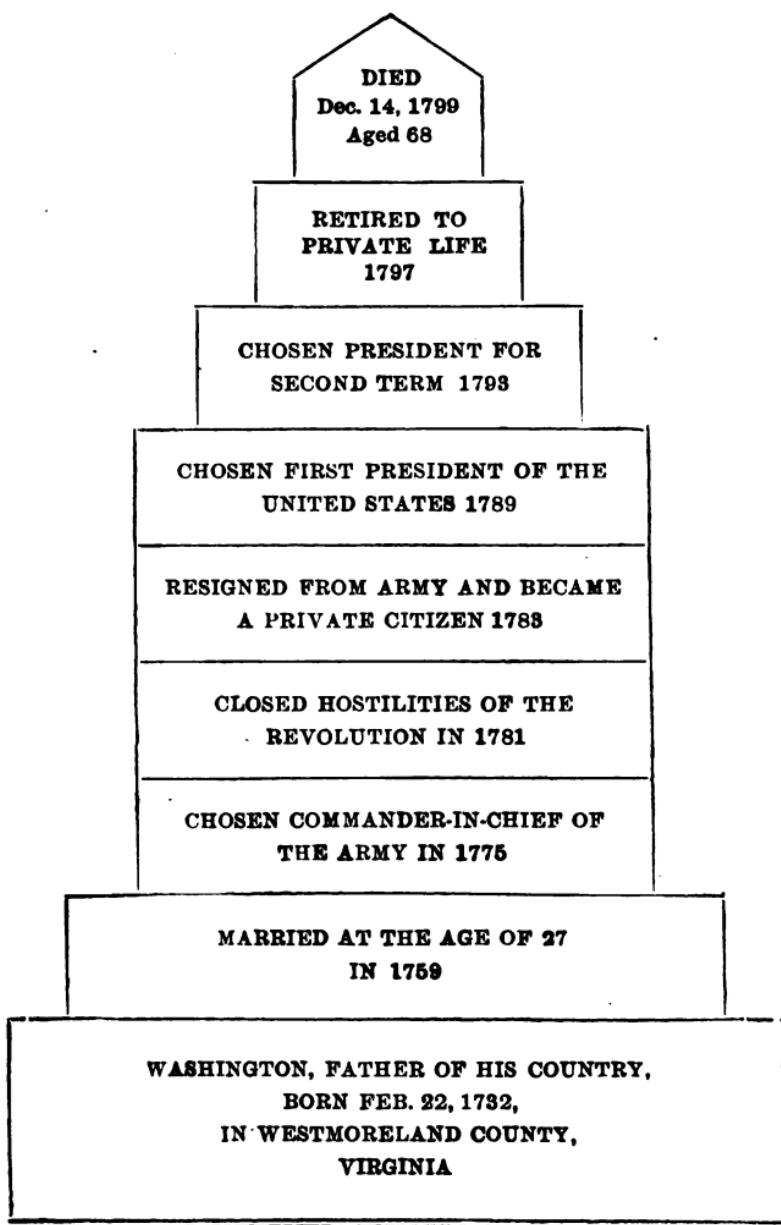
Washington's Birthday.

MONUMENTAL BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON.

To be given by nine children.

Have stage lavishly decorated with national colors, various pictures of Washington, flags, etc. Leave the center of the background for the building of the monument and over it hang black cloth, which will be effective and easy to pin the cardboard to. Cut the pieces for the monument from large sheets of white cardboard (obtained at printing office), or even stiff, light wrapping paper is not bad, and make the lettering as large as possible. Shape the pieces, letter and fit them together as shown in cut. The children come in one at a time, speak, then pin the piece in place, No 1 carrying the base, No. 2 the next, and so on.

No. 1. George Washington, the Father of his Country, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. His ancestors were English and his great-grandfather, John Washington, settled in Virginia about 1657. George was a manly, honest boy, studious, well-mannered and of fine appearance. He had a strong military spirit and was happiest when engaged in mimic parades and battles. He began school at the age of five and by diligent study made good progress, but school privileges were poor and George's education was elementary. At the age of sixteen he became surveyor for Lord Fairfax, and for three years was engaged in this work. At the outbreak



of the French and Indian wars he was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to warn the French away from their forts in western Pennsylvania, and his vigorous defense of Fort Necessity made him so prominent that at the age of twenty-three he was commissioned commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He defended a frontier of over 350 miles against the French and Indians with 700 men, and in 1758 had the pleasure of commanding the advance guard of the expedition which captured Fort Du Quesne.

No. 2. The war in Virginia being ended, Washington resigned his post, and in 1759 married Mrs. Martha Custis, a charming and beautiful young widow, whom he had met some months before while dining at the home of a friend. They settled at Mount Vernon, and for the next twenty years Washington was a typical Virginia planter, a consistent member of the Episcopal church, and a large slaveholder, a strict but considerate master, and a widely trusted man of affairs. His marriage brought an increase of \$100,000 to his estate.

No. 3. In 1774 Washington was appointed delegate to the Continental Congress and thus began his national career. His military ability was recognized in Congress, and after the fight at Lexington and Concord he was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United Colonies. Refusing any salary, Washington accepted the position, declaring that he did not believe himself equal to the command and only undertook it as an imperative duty.

No. 4. The colonial poverty and exasperating annoyances of 1775 were enough to have broken down most men, but they completed the training of Washington. From the time he drove the British out of Boston in the spring of 1776 until his death he was the foremost man of the continent. By the campaign of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis, Oct. 17, 1781, he brought the hostilities of the Revolution to a

close. Through his leadership America was delivered from foreign dominion and gained a position of rank among the nations of the earth.

No. 5. The American soldiers feared they should be disbanded and sent home without pay, and receiving no satisfaction from Congress, the army was in almost open rebellion. It was the influence of Washington alone that secured their quiet disbanding. On the 4th of December, 1783, he delivered his farewell address to the army, a few weeks later returned his commission to Congress, then in session at Annapolis, Md., and retired to private life at Mount Vernon.

No. 6. When the Federal Convention met in Philadelphia in 1787 to frame the present Constitution, Washington was present as a delegate from Virginia and was chosen chairman. When the time came for the election of President, no one thought of anyone else but Washington, and by a unanimous vote of the electors he was chosen first President of the United States in 1789.

No. 7. With regret Washington left his home at Mount Vernon for the tumults of political life. On the balcony of old Federal Hall, New York, he took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Many difficulties beset the government, but Washington and his cabinet met them so wisely that the new nation made rapid progress. As President he carefully weighed his decisions, but steadily carried out his policy, however great the opposition. He was chosen President for the second term in 1793.

No. 8. The people never wavered in their devotion to Washington, and he would have been unanimously chosen for a third term had he not positively refused to serve. In 1796 he published his farewell address, which will remain one of the most important of historical documents, because it is so filled with faithful patriotism. Retiring from the Presidency in 1797, he resumed his plantation life, which he most loved, the society of his family, and the care of his slaves.

No. 9. While in the midst of active duties Washington was stricken with sudden illness, resulting from exposure to storm. From the first he felt he should not survive, and calmly made arrangements for his departure. "I die hard," he said, "but I am not afraid to go." His death, which occurred Dec. 14, 1799, caused great national sorrow, and Europe and America vied in tributes to his memory. It has been said, "Providence left him childless that his country might call him Father."

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS.

To the American troops before the battle of Long Island, 1776.

To be given by one of the older boys in costume.

The time is near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or die. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous before the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.

Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth. Liberty, property, life and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate us by show and appearance; but remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantages of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Dialogue for four children.

Characters.

EDITH, MARION, JAMES and EDWARD.

EDITH. I wish I could see the Washington monument, though it is so tall and large I think I should feel afraid of it.

JAMES. Well, it ought to be large, since it is in memory of our greatest man. I should like to see it, and climb to the top of it. It is 555 feet high, weighs 82,000 tons, and cost about \$1,200,000. There are 900 steps in the ascent, though you can also reach the top by an elevator.

MARION. I think I should take the elevator—900 steps are almost too many. It must be grand. We'll

go and see it, Edith, when we're grown up and rich. Where is it, and when was it built?

EDWARD. It is in the center of the District of Columbia, on the banks of the Potomac River, and is surrounded by thirty acres of ground, which was given by Congress. When the electric lights are burning on the top of the monument it is said they can be seen thirty miles away.

JAMES. It was nearly 100 years from the time a memorial to Washington was decided upon until it was finished. Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War Congress resolved to erect a statue to Washington, but nothing further was done until after his death. Then it was voted that a marble monument be erected at the city of Washington, but over thirty years more passed and still nothing was done.

EDITH. I am sure I do not think it was nice for them to be so slow in paying honor to the Father of our Country, and I think others thought so, too, for in 1833 the citizens formed an association and began to collect money from all the people for the monument. In 1847 they had received \$87,000, and the next year Congress gave the land for it and passed a resolution authorizing the Society to erect a monument to the memory of Washington.

MARION. But if that was in 1848, why was it so long before it was finished? What made them so slow about it? I should think they would have been in a hurry to see how nice it would look when it was done.

EDWARD. The cornerstone of the monument was laid July 4, 1848. In six years the height of 107 feet had been reached, but the funds were exhausted, and when the work was stopped in 1859 the shaft was only 174 feet high. For nearly twenty years nothing was done, and when Congress finally gave more money most of it had to be spent in strengthening the foundation, which, it was discovered, had become weak.

JAMES. Work on the shaft was not resumed until

1880. The old marble and the new are different, the first being weather-beaten and colored. The shaft rests on a foundation 35 feet deep, is 55 feet square at the base, and where the pyramidal roof begins is 34 feet square.

EDITH. It was dedicated in 1885, with military, civic and Masonic ceremonies, and a speech by President Arthur. The people must have been glad that it was done at last.

MARION. I am very glad we have it, but, after all, the best monument Washington can have is to be lovingly enshrined in the memory of the American people, "First in the hearts of his countrymen."

THOUGHTS ABOUT WASHINGTON.

FIRST CHILD. "Cæsar was merciful; Scipio was continent; Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend all these virtues in one. His fame is eternity, and his residence is creation."—Phillips.

SECOND CHILD. "In youth true, in manhood brave, in age wise, in memory immortal."—Bishop Simpson.

THIRD CHILD. "Washington, the defender of his country—the founder of Liberty—the friend of man. In the annals of modern greatness he stands alone, and the noblest names of antiquity lose their luster in his presence. Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous."—Author unknown.

FOURTH CHILD. "The character of Washington possessed fewer inequalities, and a rarer union of virtues, than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man."—Washington Irving.

FIFTH CHILD. "Until time shall be no more, a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue will be derived from the veneration paid

to the immortal name of Washington."—Lord Brougham.

SIXTH CHILD. "He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affections of the good throughout the world; and when our monuments shall be done away—when nations now existing shall be no more—still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not until the love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sink into chaos."—General Henry Lee.

OUR BELOVED WASHINGTON.

Song for Washington's birthday, to be given by equal number of boys and girls. Boys enter at right of back of stage and girls at left, starting to sing as they enter. Pass to center of back, march in couples down to center of front, first boy with first girl, etc., boys turn to right and girls to left, pass to corners of front, up sides of stage, and form in two lines across back of stage, where they remain while finishing the song. Boys carry hatchets cut from stiff white cardboard and tied with red, white and blue, and the girls carry flags.

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

I.

We are little patriots, my friends, and love our country
true,
We have come to honor Washington because we love
him too;
We would like to live as useful lives as Washington
did do,
Our noble Washington.

Chorus.

Washington, we sing the story
Of thy fame and wond'rous glory;
We come to honor thee today—
Thy name shall live for aye.

2.

(Sung by the boys alone as they wave hatchets.)
When Washington was but a lad he chopped a cherry
tree,
And then he chopped old England till he set our coun-
try free;
Oh, always on the battle-field a mighty man was he,
Our noble Washington.

Cho.

3.

(Sung by the girls as they wave flags.)
In times of peace he proved to be a mighty leader,
too,
And showed our young America the wisest things
to do;
The land that calls him "Father" to his memory will
be true,
Our noble Washington.

Cho.

The boys wave hatchets and exclaim, "First in war,"
girls wave flags and say, "First in peace," then all to-
gether, "First in the hearts of his countrymen." They
then give a short fancy march before passing from
the stage.

Easter.

HE IS RISEN.

Easter exercise for six little children.

The first three come on and speak, standing thus:



Then the last three come on and speak, standing to complete a



FIRST CHILD.

Oh, we are sad and mournful,
 And pain doth fill our heart,
 For from our blessed Savior
 We have been forced to part.

SECOND CHILD.

Upon the cross they nailed Him,
 The cruel, mocking band,
 And His life ebbed slowly out
 As darkness filled the land.

THIRD CHILD.

Our loving Lord and Savior
 Was laid within the grave,
 And we mourn that He has left
 The world He came to save.

FOURTH CHILD.

Ah, sad hearts, cease repining,
 And let your glad songs ring,
 For we bring blessed tidings
 Of Jesus Christ, our King.

FIFTH CHILD.

From the grave wherein He lay
 The stone was rolled away,
 And Christ, the Lord, has risen
 On this glad Easter day.

SIXTH CHILD.

Birds are singing, skies are blue,
 Earth is no longer drear;
 From the grave the message comes,
 "The Savior is not here."

ALL SING.

Tune: "Ring the Bells of Heaven."

Ring the bells of Easter,
 There is joy today,
 For our Lord has risen from the grave;
 To His own returning,
 With His loving sway,
 He doth bless the world He came to save.

Glory, glory, to our risen King,
 Glory, glory, Easter bells now ring;
 Christ, our loving Savior,
 Speaks to us today,
 "Lo, I will be with you now alway."

Arbor Day.

CALLING THE PUSSIES.

Motion song for a number of small children, each carrying a branch of poplar or willow pussies.



(1) Wake, little pussies, wake,
(1) Wake to the springtime call;
 Winter is done and brightly the sun
 Smiles upon you all.
 Snugly you slept the winter through,
 Now you must wake, you've work to do.

(2) Sway, little pussies, sway,
(2) Sway in the soft spring breeze;
 Gentle winds blow and rock you so slow,
(2) As they sway the trees.
 Bluebird and robin sweetly call,
 Springtime joy doth the world enthrall.

(3) Dance, little pussies, dance,
(3) Dance in the smiling sun;

Nature is gay, for 'tis Arbor Day,
 Joy is for each one.
 Beauty and music now appear,
 (3) So you must dance, for spring is here.

MOVEMENTS.

- (1). Shake branches gently.
- (2). Sway branches from side to side.
- (3). Move branches briskly up and down.

NATURE'S CHILDREN.

Recitation for a small child.

Mother Nature must have some queer children,
 At least their names sound that way,
 Though there's nothing at all in a name,
 Some of the wise poets say.

Sweet William, I'm certain, is nice,
 Though Blue Bell, I fear, must be sad;
 While Jack who lives in the pulpit
 Surely can never be bad.

Black-eyed Susan is handsome, indeed,
 But Bouncing Betty cannot be still,
 While Creeping Charlie never can walk,
 Let him try howsoever he will.

Rosemary, and Lily, and Rose
 Are lovely young ladies, we know;
 But Timothy's so green and bashful
 He doesn't make much of a show.

A USEFUL BOUQUET.

For six boys and six girls.

FIRST BOY.

If I should ask for a useful bouquet
From the many flowers that grow,
Which ones would you choose to bring to me?
Now think and let me know.

FIRST GIRL.

Your hair is apt to get tousled, I see,
So a Cocks-comb is what my gift shall be.

SECOND BOY.

Danger is near, wherever you are,
So I'll bring to protect you a good Shooting Star.

SECOND GIRL.

Of shoes one never has too many pair,
So a Lady's Slipper I'll bring you to wear.

THIRD BOY.

Perhaps you may have a journey to trod,
And I will present you a strong Goldenrod.

THIRD GIRL.

Most children love the pussy-cat mew,
So some Pussies shall be my gift to you.

FOURTH BOY.

I think a menagerie is just the thing,
So to start one a big Dandelion I'll bring.

FOURTH GIRL.

You should know when school will close, tick-tock,
And my present shall be a Four O'clock.

FIFTH BOY.

Pants wear out and lose their stitches,
So I will bring some Dutchman's Breeches.

FIFTH GIRL.

Though sorrow is never a pleasant part
I'm going to give you a Bleeding Heart.

SIXTH BOY.

The call to church and school 'twill tell,
So I shall bring a nice Blue Bell.

SIXTH GIRL.

Perhaps Mount Knowledge you'll scale sometime,
And I think Jacob's ladder will help you climb.

HISTORY OF ARBOR DAY.

In 1865, the Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, began to advocate the planting of trees by children, and in 1876 he offered a prize of one dollar to every boy or girl who should plant five "centennial trees." For many years the chairman of a committee appointed by the American Forestry Association to promote the national interest in Arbor Day, his work in this line has been very successful and influential.

To Ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, however, belongs the honor of a legally appointed Arbor Day. He induced the Governor of the State to issue a proclamation appointing a day for the planting of trees throughout Nebraska. April 22, 1872, was made a legal holiday, and premiums were offered to those setting out the most trees.

Upon that first Arbor Day more than a million trees were planted, and so remarkable have been the results of Arbor Day in Nebraska that its originator is

gratefully recognized as the great benefactor of his state.

In 1876 Arbor Day was first observed in Minnesota, when a million and a half trees were planted. In 1878 Kansas followed the example of Nebraska, meeting with remarkable results. Then came Iowa and Illinois, and in 1881 Michigan passed an Arbor Day law. Since then Arbor Day has been encouraged by the civil authorities and the custom is now observed in over forty States.

DEPARTURE OF THE FLOWERS.

To be given by ten children, each wearing the color or carrying a bouquet of the flower represented. First child has buttercups and at the close of the stanza leaves the stage; second child speaks, then leaves the stage, etc.

FIRST CHILD.

Ten little flowers of spring, growing strong and fine;
The wind blows Buttercup away—then there are nine.

SECOND CHILD.

Nine flowers in sweet content love their woodland state;
But Ladyslipper runs away—then there are eight.

THIRD CHILD.

Eight flowers thrive and bloom 'neath sun and rain
from heaven,
Till Shooting Star goes out to hunt—then there are
seven.

FOURTH CHILD.

Seven flowers fear the world is full of wicked tricks
So Jack with his Pulpit goes to preach—then there are
six.

FIFTH CHILD.

Six little blossoms fair without misfortune thrive
Till a hunter captures Dandelion—then there are five.

SIXTH CHILD.

Next a yellow Cowslip bright, growing close to shore,
Slips away, way out of sight—then there are four.

SEVENTH CHILD.

Four little flowers good dwell peaceful as can be,
Till Honeysuckle with a bee elopes—then there are
three.

EIGHTH CHILD.

For fear of bright-eyed children and the mischief
they may do,
The Violet shyly hides from sight—then there are two.

NINTH CHILD.

Two blossoms sad, in solitude, complain to the smiling
sun,
Till the Lily goes to ring her bell—then there is one.

TENTH CHILD.

One flower all alone can't have any fun
So Daisy goes to view the world—then there is none.

NATURE'S GREETING TO THE BIRDS.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

To be given by eight or ten children, one of whom
represents Nature and the others the various birds.

NATURE (*Taking position in center of stage*).

Come, all ye birds from hill and dale,
We'll have a party gay;

Come, birdies, sing your sweetest songs
On Nature's holiday.

Cho.

Come, Robin, Bluebird, Thrush, and all,
Come, sing your merry lay,
For Nature's keeping carnival
On this our Arbor Day.

BIRDS (*Entering and forming in semicircle back of Nature*).

Dear Mother Nature, we now come,
The Blackbird and the Blue,
With Robin, Oriole, and Wren,
And many others, too.

Cho.

We now salute you (*all bow low*), our best friend ;
Salute you (*bow again*) once again.
Our praises for your loving care
We'll sing in glad refrain.

NATURE.

Your praise is very sweet, dear birds,
And all the summer long
I hope to hear your voices raised
In melody and song.

Cho.

BIRDS.

In brightening this dear old world,
We'll strive to do our part ;
We'll banish sadness with our song,
And cheer the lonely heart.

Cho.

We birds are merry little folks,
And busy workers, too;
With pleasure we perform the tasks
You've given us to do.

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

For ten children, each wearing a cambric sash and cap of the color of the bird represented. Bluebird enters and speaks No. 1; yellow bird then enters and speaks No. 2; the two speak No. 3 in concert; blackbird enters and speaks No. 4; the three speak No. 5 in concert, etc.

No. 1. BLUEBIRD.

In the sun one bird is basking with its feathers blue;

No. 2. YELLOWBIRD.

Along comes a yellowbird—then there are two.

No. 3.

Merrily the blue and yellow hop about in glee;

No. 4. BLACKBIRD.

Then appears a blackbird, so there are three.

No. 5.

Now three merry little warblers chirp to call some more;

(*Chirp like birds.*)

No. 6. ROBIN.

Along comes a robin—then there are four.

No. 7.

Four birds feel quite hungry and to plan a feast contrive;

(*Put heads together and pretend to plan.*)

No. 8. ORIOLE.

When in comes an oriole—then there are five.

No. 9.

Poor oriole is taken sick—oh, such a 'dreadful fix!

(*ORIOLE leans against ROBIN and pretends to be sick.*)

No. 10. WREN.

So Dr. Wren comes in to help (*Rubs ORIOLE's head*), then there are six.

No. 11.

Six discontented birds wish they could fly away to heaven;

(*Look upward and wave hands above their heads.*)

No. 12. BROWN THRUSH.

But brown thrush comes to tell them no—then there are seven.

No. 13.

Seven birds with chirp and flutter frolic as they wait: (*Hop around as if playing.*)

No. 14. BLUE JAY.

Blue jay comes in to enjoy the game—then there are eight.

No. 15.

These eight birds, who're getting sleepy, their tired heads recline;

(*Lean heads down on right arms.*)

No. 16. SNOW BIRD.

The snow bird comes to wake them up—then there are nine.

No. 17.

Now, nine little birds so busy must go home again;

No. 18. CATBIRD.

So catbird comes to lead the way--then there are ten.

No. 19 (*Marching around stage and waving arms up and down sides*).

Homeward now the ten birds flutter,
Home to soft nests warm,
Where they rest in woodland quiet,
Safe from cold and storm.

PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS.

For eight children, one taking the part of Spring and the others representing flowers. Spring should be dressed in white, with green trimming, and wear a light green crown; the others should carry a bouquet of the flowers represented and wear them in the hair.

Spring enters and speaks, then each flower in turn, the first three taking position at right of Spring and other four at the left, forming a straight line across stage.

SPRING.

Yes, Winter's really going,
The blustering, cold old fellow,
And I must start with my supply
Of sunshine soft and mellow.
What! Ho! My dainty blossoms,
Too long a sleep you're taking.
Cast off your snowy mantles,
'Tis time my flowers are waking.
I hear the robins calling
And I've commenced to worry
For fear we shall be backward—
So hurry, blossoms, hurry.

Pussy Willow.

You called us to awake,
And rouse from off our pillow,
And you may know, dear Spring,
That little Pussy will-oh.
I waited not for sunshine,
But hurried right away,
Wrapped in my little blanket
Of soft and downy gray.
I'm very glad to have it —
'Tis rather cold to-day.

Dandelion.

Like little Pussy Willow
I'm not afraid of cold,
But come at Spring's first beckon—
Gay Dandelion bold.
I'm sure my gown is stylish,
For 'tis the very shade
Of shining, golden color
From which the sun is made.

Buttercup.

Another blossom yellow
Has hastened on the way
With golden cup so dainty
To catch the sunshine gay.
The Buttercups are kisses
Dropped from the skies above—
We're small but not too tiny
For little folks to love.

Violet.

Modest Violet I'm called,
With my eyes of blue,
And I'll brave the chilly blasts
Just to smile on you.

Poets say that I am shy,
 But I like to hide and see
 How eagerly the children
 Will run and hunt for me.

WOOD LILY.

Wood lily is the next in line,
 Miss Trillium so fair,
 Her soft bell ringing, chiming
 On the balmy air.
 Calling sleepy flowers to come
 And join the gay procession,
 Lest for tardiness they're sent
 To Nature for confession.

ANEMONE.

Flower of the wind am I,
 Anemone, so fair and sweet:
 Tread softly 'long the woodland paths—
 I'm nestling at your feet.
 When o'er hill and valley
 The April winds come sweeping
 I answer to the call of Spring,
 And through the leaves come peeping.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Apple blossoms now appear,
 Fit home for dainty fairy.
 Messages of love and cheer
 In our hearts we carry.
 Apple blossoms, pink and white,
 'Twould not be spring without us;
 The barren branch we beautify,
 And scatter fragrance 'bout us.

The line is now standing thus:

1 2 3 Spring 4 5 6 7

and they form couples, Spring and 4 leading, 3 and

5 next, then 2 and 6, with 1 and 7 last. Pass to center of front, then march to outline . On again reaching center of front they pass to the right corner front, diagonally to left corner of back, across back of stage, diagonally to left corner of front and then from stage.

NATURE AND THE POETS.

(Quotations from Longfellow are used by special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of Longfellow's Works.)

For nine children, eight of whom represent poets, of the latter each child carrying a card on which is printed the name of the poet quoted. The cards are held with the names concealed until, as each child speaks, the name of the poet is shown.

FIRST CHILD (*Entering alone and standing in center of stage*).

Without preliminary mention
I'd like to call to your attention
That this fair day is dedicated
To Mother Nature celebrated.
Spring, with all her changeful wiles,
Spring, with frowns and tears and smiles;
Her messages of love, the flowers;
The noble trees of forest bowers;
The sweet-voiced rays of animation
Who sing away earth's desolation;
With these doth Nature dear contrive
To make us glad that we're alive.
To Nature's work so wondrous rare,
And spring-time gladness in the air,

We dedicate this Arbor Day
 And celebrate as best we may.
 But since we're of too humble station
 To give her worthy adulation,
 We've called the best minds of the nation
 To render Nature an ovation,
 Therefore, you shall hear straightway
 What the poets have to say.

(Enter the eight poets and form in straight line, four on either side of the first speaker.)

FIRST POET, WITH NAME OF BRYANT.

“To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware.”

SECOND POET, LONGFELLOW.

“If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows that thou wouldest forget,
 If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills. No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

“Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.”

THIRD POET, EMERSON.

“Let me go where'er I will,
 I hear a sky-born music still;

It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in the bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard,
 But in the darkest, meanest things
 There alway, alway something sings."

FOURTH POET, POPE.

"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all let nature never be forgot;
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare."

FIFTH POET, TENNYSON.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies:
 Hold you here root and all in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is."

SIXTH POET, WHITTIER.

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
 Who sows a field or trains a flower,
 Or plants a tree, is more than all."

SEVENTH POET, LUCY LARCOM.

"He who plants a tree,
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;

Heaven and earth helps him who plants a tree
And his work his own reward shall be."

EIGHTH POET, WORDSWORTH.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this, our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us."

Decoration Day.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

The war was o'er, and peace again
Her smile on the land had lain,
But hearts still bled and tears were shed
In memory of heroes slain.

Then, in May of eighteen-sixty-eight,
General Logan, of battle-field fame,
Commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.,
Resolved to honor the soldier's name.

That loyal hearts in gratitude
Their love and tribute might pay
To those who fell at country's call,
He established Memorial Day.

Then later, by act of Congress,
It was legally set apart—
Day when we honor the Blue and Gray
With sad and grateful heart.

A day of memory and flowers,
Flowers for the Gray and the Blue,
When the North and South pay tribute
To the soldier boys, brave and true.

HONORING OUR SOLDIERS.

For two boys, two girls and a chorus of children.

At back of stage have a small table on which are two crosses about 18 or 20 inches high. They can be cut from stiff pasteboard and tacked on two small wooden boxes so as to stand upright. Cover crosses with white and drape one box with blue, the other with gray. In front of the crosses have a jardiniere in which the children shall put their flowers as they march.

A boy enters from one side of stage as a girl enters from the other side, each carrying two small flags with the sticks crossed and tied with narrow red, white and blue ribbon. They stand one on each side of the table while speaking.

Boy. Once again we gather to honor our fallen brave, to recall their deeds of patriotic sacrifice, and lay at their shrines our tributes of love and flowers. No more they answer the bugle call—these silent heroes of ours, yet imperishably they live in our memory, treasured, honored and revered by a loyal and devoted republic. They sleep beneath the stars and stripes and their requiem is sung by the liberty-loving people of a harmonious and united nation. No call have we to dwell upon the patriotic exploits of Greek or Roman—these, our soldier heroes, sufficiently thrill and inspire us with their deeds of glory.

To-day we bring our flowers, tributes of grief, emblems of affection, testimonials of remembrance, sorrowing in their martyrdom, rejoicing in their deathless fame. (*He fastens his flags on the cross nearest him as he recites Scott's lines:—*)

“Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing.
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

GIRL. From the North and the East, the South and the West, from factory, farm and office, they left their homes and loved ones to answer the call to arms. Come weal or woe, come victory or defeat, come life or death, they trustingly followed their country's banner. 'Tis meet that to-day we come, wreathing the memory of our patriots with garlands of grateful affection. Their flower-decked mounds flood our hearts anew with the perils and triumphs of warfare.

Never shall the American nation fail to bestow the highest honors upon our country's defenders. Their fame shall be told in song and story, their deeds perpetuated by historian and poet, their patriotism emulated by succeeding generations. To-day we renew our vows of fidelity to our loved and immortal heroes. (*She fastens her flags to the other cross as she recites from Collins' poem:)*

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blessed;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

They remain standing near the table and the second boy and girl enter, one at each side of stage, each carrying a wreath of flowers of suitable size to hang over the crosses. The second boy, as he speaks, hangs his wreath over the cross fastened to the box draped in gray, and the girl as she speaks hangs her wreath over the other cross.

SECOND BOY.

From the Northland have I journeyed,
With my flowers for the Gray;
To my brother of the Southland,
Bring I gifts of love to-day.

SECOND GIRL.

From the pleasant Southland come I,
With garlands from our sunny bowers;
For the heroes of the Northland,
We would twine our fairest flowers.

(They then recite from Longfellow's poem:)

SECOND BOY.

“Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor Sentry’s shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon’s sudden roar,
Or the drum’s redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.”

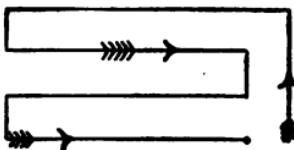
SECOND GIRL.

“All is repose and peace,
 Untrampled lies the sod;
 The shouts of battle cease,
 It is the Truce of God.

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
 The thoughts of men shall be
 As sentinels to keep
 Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory shall be ours.”

They stand beside the others and a number of children enter singing, each carrying some long-stemmed flowers. They come on at front of stage and march thus :



On passing the table they put their flowers into the jardiniere. On reaching front of stage they form two or three lines, according to number of children, halt, and finish singing. At close of song they all pass from stage.

Tune: “Marching Through Georgia.”
 Now the thronging children come with flowers for
 Blue and Gray,
 Lovingly we bring them, for 'tis Decoration Day,
 Tribute to our fallen brave in reverence we pay,
 Tributes of love to our soldiers.

Cho.

Rest, soldier, rest, thy bugles sound no more;
 Rest on in peace, thy warfare now is o'er;
 But in memory shall live thy victories of yore,
 Deeds of our brave, noble soldiers.

Time and tide shall not efface the glory of thy fame,
 Through the ages as they roll shall live the soldier's
 name,
 Generations yet to come shall honor thee the same,
 Honor our brave, noble soldiers.

Cho.

FLOWERS FOR OUR HEROES.

Decoration day exercise for two girls and a boy. They come on stage together, each carrying a wreath of flowers; first girl hangs her wreath on the wall and speaks, second girl hangs up hers and speaks, and then the boy. Hang the wreaths thus:



FIRST GIRL.

Again we come, in reverence come,
 On this fair Memorial Day,
 To make a payment on our debt,
 The debt we can ne'er hope to pay.

Though 'tis years since their brave struggle,
Their triumphs still are fresh in mind;
Treasured by a grateful people
In our memory they're enshrined.
I bring flowers for the thousands
Who in battle ranks did fall,
And their many soldier comrades
Who have answered Death's roll call.
Silent is their sleep and peaceful,
Their dreams of martial days are o'er,
Yet they're still our cherished heroes,
Honored as in days of yore.

SECOND GIRL.

My flowers are for the living "boys,"
Who, with slow steps and locks of gray,
Still grow young in heart recalling
Battle scenes of former day.
Let us show them while they're with us
That they are our heroes still;
Make them feel we know their value,
And cheer their hearts with right good will.
Bring them, then, your flowers and tributes,
Rally round these veterans true;
While they're with us to enjoy it
Give the homage that's their due.

THE BOY.

'Tis well to honor the soldier boys,
The soldier boys living and dead,
But I assure you my flowers
Are for other heroes instead.
For the women, patient and true,
Who bravely through those dark days
Endured the hardships of war,
I bring my flowers and praise.
In hospital, camp and on field,
Where the flag went, the women were there,

Lightening the soldiers' sufferings
With a courage that knew no despair.
With touch as of angels divine
They brightened and shortened the days;
So to these mothers and sisters
I offer my flowers and praise.

A MEMORIAL SURPRISE.

CHARACTERS.

MR. STEVENS, JACK, FRED, SUE, MABEL.

SCENE I. *No stage setting required. Four children present.*

JACK. Tomorrow is Memorial day. I suppose we must go out after flowers and help decorate the soldiers' graves. I like to see the veterans with their guns and hear the music.

SUE. It is very nice to put flowers on the graves, but I think we ought to be sure and give them to the living soldiers, too. Now, there is old Mr. Stevens, who isn't able to go out of the house, and probably no one will think to give him a single flower.

MABEL. Then let us do it. Why not get up a surprise for him? I am sure he will appreciate it.

FRED. Let's do it! Since he can't go to Memorial day, we can take Memorial day to him—a small piece of it anyway. What do you say?

JACK. I say yes. We have been taught to honor the soldiers, and surely Mr. Stevens ought not to be left out because he is too old to get away from home.

SUE. Let's go and get mamma to tell us what to do. I know she will help us.

MABEL. Yes, come on. I know where we can get some nice flowers. (*Children exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Room in Mr. Stevens' home. He is sitting in an arm-chair by a small table on which is a vase or bowl. A good-sized flag is fastened to wall at back of stage. As the curtain is drawn he is fast asleep, but suddenly awakes. MR. S. is taken by an older boy, who dresses as an old soldier.*

MR. S. Well, well; I have been dreaming—and such a pleasant dream! I was at the old homestead and just back from the war, with folks making a great fuss over me, as if I were a real hero. It used to seem pretty nice to be appreciated—sort of made up for some of the hardships of soldier life and the battlefield. (*Gazes at his flag.*) The dear old flag—how willing we were to stand by it. Death was nothing if the flag could be kept floating. I am afraid times have changed and the old soldiers are not of much account now. Here it is Memorial day, and no one will give me a passing thought. There will be flowers for the dead, but none for me—a poor old cripple. Well, I suppose it is all right, but it makes me feel sort of lonesome. (*A knock is heard.*) Come in. (*Enter the children, each carrying a flag and some flowers. They stand at the back of the stage and, waving flags, sing to tune of "Star-Spangled Banner," or they can recite it in concert:)*)

We cherish that band who so gallantly swore
They would stand by their flag, her rights ever defending;
We would praise them today for the triumphs of yore,
And in honor of them are our songs now ascending.
Oh, thou soldier so true, thou brave vet'ran in blue,
We bring now our tribute of flowers to you,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

MR. S. Well, what does this mean? I—we—you have given me a great surprise.

SUE. Why should it surprise you to have your service to your country appreciated? We knew you could not attend the exercises today, so we have brought you a little tribute of our honor and affection.

MABEL. In memory of your loyalty to the star-spangled banner, let me decorate you with these. (*Pins flowers on his coat.*)

JACK. You must not think we forget our heroes because they are not able to appear in public. Let these flowers be a token of our remembrance of your days on the battlefield. (*They all put flowers in dish on the table.*)

MR. S. I cannot thank you for this as I would like, but you have made me very happy. We soldiers are foolish old fellows who like to be remembered once in a while, and you will never know how much you have cheered me. I was feeling pretty gloomy before you came, but this surprise has driven it away. You may be sure I appreciate your kindness to an old soldier.

The children, in concert. Hurrah for all our veteran heroes, and for this one in particular.

(*Wave flags as curtain is drawn.*)

A DUDE'S OPINION OF WAR.

Recitation for a boy dressed as a dude, carrying a cane, etc.

Weally, if you'd like to know
What aw think about the wa-ah,
Ah'll just tell you, doan cher know,
Ah weally doan see what it's fo-ah.

Wy, it's just fwightful, doan cher know,
To have to shoot a dweadful gun;

Wy, I get scared enough to die
Whenever I get sight of one.—
That's wight.

Ah'm suah ah couldn't hold a gun,
It makes me tiahd, doan cher know,
To have to carry this great cane
When for a promenade I go.
Ye-as.

When soldiers go a marching wound
Their clothes get dirty, doan cher know,
And lots of times they nevah wear
Any neckties, ye-as, that's so.

And then I nevah weally could
Kill anybody, doan cher see?
And ah am sure ah'd be weal mad
If anybody should kill me.—
Suah thing.

Ye-as, I weally guess, by George,
To talk with girls is bettah fun
Than marching on a battlefield
And shooting off a dweadful gun.
Ye-as.

Flag Day.

A FLAG SONG.

For eight or more children.

The children march in singing No. 1 to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," pass once around in a circle, then form in line across back of stage.

No. 1.

Here comes the flag, the dear old flag,
Its colors proudly flying;
Its equal you can never find
And there is no use trying.

(*Raise flags and wave them during chorus.*)
Raise the banner, wave it high,
Flag we love so dearly;
Ever leading us aright,
With colors shining clearly.

Music now changes to "Marching Through Georgia." The children mark time with feet during several measures, then march to front of stage in two lines, halt and sing No. 2, waving flags during the chorus.

No. 2.

The flag our brave forefathers bore when by oppression bound,
Flag that led them nobly on to victory renowned;
Where it floats the tyrant's pow'r no longer now is found,

Emblem of Justice and Freedom.

Hurrah, hurrah, our starry banner bright,

Hurrah, hurrah, it is a thrilling sight;

Neath our banner we will stand and guard it with our
might,

Emblem of Justice and Freedom.

Front line passes first, back line follows, they march
in single file around the stage, then form in a straight
line back of the center, one steps out to C of stage,
the others form a semicircle about her, music changes
to "America," and raising her flag she sings No. 3
as a solo.

No. 3.

For Courage is the red,
For Purity, 'tis said,
The white doth stand;
Blue is the emblem true
Of Truth and Justice, too—
Oh, matchless Red, White and Blue,
Pride of our land.

Music changes to "Columbia, the Gem of the
Ocean," and they all sing No. 4, waving flags during
chorus.

No. 4.

Oh, many flags are there on land and ocean,
All colors and kinds you may see,
But the best of them all, to our notion,
Is the glorious flag of the free.
No enemy can stand before us when the stars and
stripes come in view;
With the banner of Liberty o'er us we'll win by the
red, white and blue.

Then hurrah for the red, white and blue,
For its stars and stripes ever true;
We will offer our loyal devotion
To the banner of red, white and blue.

COLUMBIA'S BANNERS.

An exercise for six children, the first five each wearing a rather small flag slipped through a belt at the left side, while No. 6 carries a large flag. They stand in straight line, while the first five speak.

No. 1.

When Cabot sailed across the sea
The flag of St. George's cross brought he;
A large red cross on white background
Was planted on the shores he found.

No. 2.

When the Mayflower came to the New England shore
The National Standard of Britain it bore;
The Union Jack 'twas sometimes defined—
The cross of St. George and Andrew combined.

No. 3.

The Pine Tree Flag we must not omit;
"An Appeal to Heaven" was inscribed on it,
O'er a pine tree green on banner white—
The Colonists' cry for justice and right.

No. 4.

Then came the Rattlesnake Flag renowned,
A rattlesnake coiled on a yellow background;
'Twas the navy flag and sailed the sea,
Bearing the words, "Don't Tread On Me."

No. 5.

The Colonial Flag next saw the light,
With thirteen stripes of red and white,
While for union England's flag was used—
Showing her guidance was not refused.

No. 6.

(Stepping out in the center in front of the line.)

But the Colonists soon resolved to be free,
And next the Stars and Stripes we see;

(Raises and waves the flag.)

The star spangled banner, supreme evermore,
Triumphant shall float o'er Columbia's shore.

*(The other five form a semicircle back of No. 6,
take flags from belts, raise and wave them, and all
speak in concert.)*

Emblem of liberty, justice and right,
Our soldiers were led by thy colors bright
Through battle smoke and loud cannon blast
To victory, peace and freedom at last.
Our lives and service we now pledge to thee,
Glorious banner, flag of the free!

OUR PATRIOTIC SONGS.

An exercise for five girls, dressed in white with red, white and blue bunting sashes, and each carrying a flag.

*(They march in to the tune of "Yankee Doodle,"
pass once around stage and form in line across front.)*

FIRST GIRL. "Yankee Doodle," so called in derision of Cromwell, is not of American origin, and dates back to the time of Queen Anne. It was introduced into this country by the British, in 1775, in contempt of the poorly clad and insufficiently armed Colonial soldiers.

New stanzas, in honor of these raw recruits, are said to have been composed by Dr. Shamburg, an English surgeon, but the Yankees got the best of their

deriders by striking up "Yankee Doodle" during the British retreat at Concord and Lexington.

While it cannot be called a literary treasure, it has become one of our National songs and embodies the true patriotic spirit. It keeps alive the memories of the good old Continental days, and still has power to thrill its hearers with martial enthusiasm.

(The girls now sing the first stanza of "Yankee Doodle," marking time with their feet and waving their flags during the chorus.)

SECOND GIRL. Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," was born in 1780, at Terra Rubra, Maryland, and died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843. He was a lawyer by profession, and the song which has immortalized his name and become national was written while witnessing the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British.

Key left Baltimore for the purpose of securing the release of a friend held as prisoner of war, but was held on board the Cartel Ship Minden, lest his going back should reveal the plan of an intended attack on Baltimore.

Between midnight and dawn, September 13, 1814, while watching from the deck of the vessel the attack on Fort McHenry, he wrote the lines which never fail to find patriotic response in the hearts of Americans. He describes the actual scene of that dim September morning and his feelings when he could no longer see the flag through the smoke of battle. He wrote with a heart throbbing with anxiety, closing with thankfulness to the God who turned the tide of battle for Liberty and his countrymen.

(They sing the last stanza of "Star Spangled Banner," raising and waving flags during closing lines.)

THIRD GIRL. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," sometimes called the "Red, White and Blue," is a favorite of the American people, and especially the

school children. What pupil does not exult in the stirring:

“When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white and blue.”

An early copy is said to have been written by Thomas Reckot of Philadelphia, in 1779. The original song, however, under the title, “Columbia, the Land of the Brave,” is claimed to have been composed by David T. Shaw, an actor, and is known as the army and navy song, because it is adapted to the service of each. It was sung for the first time in the fall of 1843 at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia.

(They sing the first stanza of “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,” waving their flags during “When borne by,” etc.)

FOURTH GIRL. “America” was written by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, a Baptist minister of Massachusetts. Doctor Smith graduated from Harvard in the class of 1829, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, and later from Andover Theological Seminary.

He wrote “America” while a student at Andover. The melody is that of a German hymn in a collection brought him for translation. Looking through the book he was attracted by the air, “God Save the King,” and glancing through the German words which accompanied the music, under the inspiration of the moment he turned to his pen. A half hour later “America,” destined to become the household song of the nation, was born to fame imperishable.

The hymn was first used at a children’s Fourth of July celebration in Boston and at once became famous. The fervent, patriotic lines spread from heart to heart and home to home throughout the land. It

has been sung in every country in the world, and under every condition. It was an inspiration to the soldiers of both North and South during the Civil War, and stimulated them during hardships. It breathes a love for God, a devotion to country, and a patriotism so intense as to stir the most indifferent heart.

(They sing the last stanza of "America" softly, and with flags held motionless at right sides.)

FIFTH GIRL. "Hail Columbia" was written by the Hon. Joseph Hopkinson in April, 1798, at his home in Philadelphia, when he was twenty-eight years old. It was set to music by a German music teacher of that city, named Roth.

It was written when war with France seemed inevitable, and Mr. Hopkinson's object was to arouse an American spirit which should rise above the interest of belligerents and unite the two parties in our country to a common interest in Columbia's honor.

When first sung the song was encored eight times, the audience finally joining in the chorus. It was everywhere received with intense favor, and had the desired effect in uniting the opposing factions.

(To the music of "Hail Columbia," played as a march, the girls pass twice around stage, waving flags, and then off.)

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

An exercise for six children, each carrying a flag. As each child recites the closing stanza of his or her selection the flag should be raised and slowly waved.

FIRST CHILD. Every nation must have its flag, an emblem of freedom, courage, justice and fidelity: a banner whose floating folds inspires its people to

heroic dying in times of warfare and to noble living in times of peace.

The young nation America felt this at the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle, and on Saturday, June 14, 1777, nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence, Congress "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen united states be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be the thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." As Whittier says:

"Its hues are all of heaven;
The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky."

SECOND CHILD. The name of the designer of the flag is unknown, and although there are many theories regarding its origin, none are satisfactory. It has been stated that the stars and stripes were borrowed from the family coat of arms of Washington, but this is not an historical fact.

It is claimed also that the red, white and blue have a special significance. The red means courage; the white, purity; the blue, justice.

Beautiful banner, red, white and blue,
Kindling each day our valor anew.
The bright-hued red is for courage, you know,
The white doth innocence and purity show;
Blue is for truth and for justice, too—
Oh, glorious flag, the red, white and blue.

THIRD CHILD. Each nation displays a symbolic ensign on its banner—some have beasts, some birds, some reptiles, others trees, flowers, shields or crowns. Our forefathers chose the stars and stripes—the red and white stripes, typical of blood shed in defense of

native land and purity of purpose in daily living, are emblematic of the strong bands which bind the heart of the patriot to his country; while the stars, one for every state, show the perfect union which results from "E Pluribus Unum," the separate states embodied in one powerful and harmonious nationality.

With Holmes we say:

"Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light;
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore."

FOURTH CHILD.—The first flag was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia. In June, 1776, she was waited upon by General Washington and a committee from Congress, who requested her to develop with her needle their plan for a flag. A rough design was drawn for her by Washington and she was engaged to do the work. How she must have enjoyed her commission as the beautiful star-spangled banner grew beneath her hands! She was afterward given the position of manufacturer of government flags, and at her death the occupation was retained by her children.

As Washington and the committee gazed for the first time upon the completed work of Mrs. Ross, how surely must the Red, White and Blue have inspired them to new courage in the struggle for liberty.

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light."

FIFTH CHILD. The indomitable sea-captain, John Paul Jones, famed for naval victories during the Revolution, was the first to hoist the Stars and Stripes on a naval vessel. The Ranger, a United States warship, was in Portsmouth harbor, and Jones raised the flag on the day of its adoption by Congress. He was also the first to receive a salute to the flag in a European port.

The new flag was first unfurled on the battlefield of an important engagement, during the battle of Brandywine. The next month it was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, and the following winter cheered the hearts of the suffering patriots during the hardships of Valley Forge.

“Flag of the free heart’s hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us?”

SIXTH CHILD. As years passed, so much liberty was taken with the number of stars and stripes on the flag that few of the flags used by the government were similar and few conformed to the law. Therefore, in 1818, the present form was established by act of Congress. It was enacted that the stripes should be seven red and six white, and the stars should be the same as the number of states in the Union. The star for a new state is added on the Fourth of July succeeding the state’s admission to the Union.

“Let it idly droop or sway
To the wind’s light will;

Furl its stars or float in day,
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright
Through the war smoke dun,
Spotless emblem of the Right,
Whence success was won."

Fourth of July.

A PATRIOTIC PARTY.

Fourth of July drama, to be given by 16 children.

Stage should be draped with red, white and blue bunting and flags.

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE SAM, four YOUNG AMERICANS, four MILITIA, three GHOSTS, four COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS.

COSTUMES.

UNCLE SAM.—Rather tall boy, dressed in patriotic attire, copied from pictures of Uncle Sam.

YOUNG AMERICANS.—Large red, white and blue neckties and each carry a flag.

MILITIA.—Soldier dress as far as possible and each carry a small rifle or air gun.

GHOSTS.—Girls, each wearing a white mask and draped in a sheet.

COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS.—Girls wearing white dresses, red, white and blue sashes and caps and each carrying a flag.

UNCLE SAM (*entering*). Well, well; Fourth of July again! (*Looks around stage.*) I like to see this display of patriotism. It takes me back to the Colonial days, when I was young. (*Torpedoes and firecrackers are exploded at side of stage.*) There! Hear that! Doesn't it make you want to hurrah for liberty and the star-spangled banner? We Americans love our national birthday and aren't afraid to show our patriot-

ism. I think that the—well, what's that? (*Enter the three ghosts.*)

FIRST GHOST. How do you do, Uncle Sam? Are you receiving visitors today? We thought we should enjoy coming back to earth for a peep at things on the Fourth of July. The cannon, the guns and bells, the flags and fireworks and patriotism make it seem like the good old days of 1775. I saw the beginning of the struggle for liberty and love to recall the heroic stand with which the minute men of Concord and Lexington opened the war. How brave they were, those Revolutionary forefathers, whom neither poverty, suffering nor death could dishearten. Allow me to leave a reminder of my visit. (*She carries a gun cut from white cardboard on which is printed "War, 1775." This she pins to wall at back of stage.*)

SECOND GHOST. The long-vanished 1776 am I, the famous '76 of Independence. Oppressed, burdened with taxes, unrepresented, misrepresented and misruled, the colonists' longing for freedom grew too strong to be resisted. Though burdened with the dark outlook of war, the fire of patriotism kindled all hearts, and with intense cheering and enthusiastic demonstration the Americans received the news of their national independence. My memento shall be the old Liberty bell, with its apt inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to the inhabitants thereof." From the state house in Philadelphia it was the first to peal forth the glad tidings of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. (*She carries a cardboard bell on which is printed, "Liberty, 1776," and now pins it beside the gun.*)

THIRD GHOST. And I, in 1783, brought peace after the long years of hardship and war. I saw Washington, having successfully led his forces to victory, retire to Mount Vernon, and the disbanded soldiers again take up their work of private life. Standing on the soil of Freedom, protected by the banner of Liberty,

the young nation courageously took up the lines of independent government. Right had won and peace was theirs. (*She carries a cardboard dove on which is printed, "Peace, 1783," and now pins it by the gun and bell.*)

FIRST GHOST. Come, sisters, we must hasten if we are to see all that is going on this glorious Fourth of July. Goodbye, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM. Goodbye, my friends. I'm glad you called. If you'll look around a bit, I think you'll be convinced that, though we are living in a less exciting time than the Revolutionary days, we are still a brave, loyal and patriotic people. (*Exeunt GHOSTS.*)

(*MILITIA now enter to tune of "Yankee Doodle," march around the stage, halt facing UNCLE SAM, give him the military salute and speak.*)

FIRST BOY.

Though we prefer the times of peace,
And favor arbitration,
Let aught our liberty assail—
We're here to serve our nation.

ALL.

You'll find us ready!

SECOND BOY.

Though we're not aching for a fight,
And rather take peace steady,
Let danger threaten our loved flag—
You'll find us armed and ready.

ALL.

Oh, we'll fight then!

THIRD BOY.

Though calm prosperity is our choice,
And quiet lives will suit us,
Let Right or Honor need defense—
The foe who can may shoot us.

ALL.

We're not afraid!

FOURTH BOY.

We're always ready, Uncle Sam,

Brave and loyal to a man.

In weal or woe, in peace or war,

We pledge to do the best we can.

ALL.

Just count on us!

(To the music of a patriotic march they now give a short military drill, with "Order arms, carry arms, present, right shoulder, port arms, trail arms, sling arms, load, aim, fire, etc.")

UNCLE SAM. Bravo! You are indeed a credit to your country. As you say, peace is best, and the way to preserve it is to be ready for war. I appreciate your readiness for service, and should the time for action come, I shall expect to see you in the front ranks. Until then serve your country and honor your flag by living upright, noble lives.

(The MILITIA march out to the tune "Marching Through Georgia" as COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS and YOUNG AMERICANS enter in couples. They march around stage, then form in two lines, boys in front and girls back of them, UNCLE SAM standing at front corner of stage.)

UNCLE SAM. Well, now, more patriotism! I declare, it makes me feel young. I don't know when I've had such a good time before.

Boys and GIRLS. *(Waving flags.)* "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and the Republic for which it stands—one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

FIRST BOY.

Hurrah for the Fourth! the glorious Fourth!

Let the bells ring and loud cannon roar.

SECOND BOY.

'Tis Liberty's birthday—up with the flag!
Let it float from mountain to shore.

THIRD BOY.

If there is one day young America loves
'Tis the Fourth of July with its noise.

FOURTH BOY.

The cannon and guns, the crackers and bombs,
Are a perfect delight to the boys.

FIRST GIRL.

I guess that we girls love liberty, too,
And also the Fourth of July.

SECOND GIRL.

We'll stand by the flag, and in peace or war
On our help you can safely rely.

THIRD GIRL.

Oft on the battlefield, e'en at the guns
Have Columbia's daughters been found.

FOURTH GIRL.

We'll join your ovation and with loyal hearts
For Justice and Right stand our ground.

ALL.

We give our heads and our hearts
To God and our Country.

One Country, one Language,
(Raising flags.) One Flag!

*(They now sing some patriotic song, if so desired,
UNCLE SAM assisting, or give a fancy march with
UNCLE SAM as leader, to the music of a stirring pa-
triotic march, and then pass from stage.)*

Labor Day.

SONS OF TOIL.

A "Labor Day" dialogue, to be given by four boys and two girls.

CHARACTERS:

JOHN, HARRY, WILL, FRANK, JESSIE, HATTIE.

JESSIE (*as she and Hattie come on the stage together*). What is this Labor Day that people are talking about, and why is it a holiday?

HATTIE. I don't know. It can't be a day to labor on, because folks don't work. Here come the boys—we'll ask them.

(Enter the four Boys, *each dressed to represent a workman, one wearing a carpenter's cap and apron and carrying a hammer, one with a mason's suit and carrying a trowel, etc.*)

JESSIE. Well, what are you boys dressed up this way for?

JOHN. Why, because we are going to take part in the Labor Day parade. Don't we make nice-looking workmen?

HATTIE. Yes, indeed! But tell us about Labor Day and what it is for.

HARRY. Labor Day owes its origin to several different causes. In some States it was made a holiday because the legislators wanted to show their sympathy with the working class, who could not afford to miss a day's pay by taking a vacation, and so a day was

set apart when they could legally enjoy themselves and not lose their wages.

WILL. In other States it was adopted for political reasons, the leaders hoping thus to secure the good will and the votes of the Sons of Toil for whom they obtained a holiday. The idea has been growing in favor since the first Labor Day, which was in 1888, when Colorado, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York observed it as a legal holiday.

FRANK. Oregon was added to the list in 1889; Nebraska and Pennsylvania in 1890; several other States in 1891, and nineteen more in 1893. There are now about thirty States that observe Labor Day as a legal holiday.

JESSIE. When does it come?

JOHN. The first Monday in September, and I think the workmen who haven't had a day off, except Sunday, all the long, warm summer, are ready to enjoy it. They have picnics and parades and speeches and fine music and lots of nice things on Labor Day.

HATTIE. Well, you boys can hurrah for the workingmen, if you want to, but I like gentlemen of leisure better—they're more aristocratic.

HARRY. Oh, there's nothing nobler in the world than honest work, and the man who uses a pick or a shovel can be as much of a gentleman as the man who holds a big-salaried office. Besides, some of the wealthiest men in the United States are among the hardest workers, and many of them have come from families of the common laboring class. It isn't idleness that makes the gentleman, and it isn't work that makes a man common.

WILL. Let me tell you a story I read.

JESSIE. Oh, do! I love stories.

WILL. During the Revolution a commander was giving orders to a little squad of men who were raising a stick of timber to the top of some military works. "Heave away, heave away," the commander would call

as the men pushed on the heavy timber. "Why do you not take hold and help them lift?" asked an officer who came along. "Sir," the commander of the squad exclaimed in astonishment, "I am a corporal." "Oh, you are, are you?" said the other, as he hurried to the timber and pushed until drops of sweat stood on his forehead. When the stick was in place he turned and said, "Now, Mr. Corporal, when you have another job like this and not men enough to do it, send for me and I'll help again." The corporal was thunderstruck, for the officer was the commander-in-chief, General George Washington.

JESSIE. Good! That's just like Washington. The workingmen are the men who move the world. There was an English poet who said:

"Labor is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless:
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges."

FRANK. Yes, and there is an Italian proverb that says:

"He who labors is tempted by one devil; he that is idle, by a thousand."

I believe children can have no greater affliction than to be brought up in idleness.

HATTIE. I think you are right. I have changed my mind about men of leisure, and am ready to say hurrah for Labor Day and the Sons of Toil.

Hallowe'en.

THE WITCHES' PRANK.

A Hallowe'en drama in two scenes, for four boys and four girls.

CHARACTERS:

CHARLES,	IRMA,
RAY,	EMMA,
FRANK,	HAZEL,
WALLACE,	DOROTHY.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARLES, RAY, FRANK and WALLACE.

CHAS. I tell you, boys, let's have a big time tomorrow night. You know they say the witches are around on Hallowe'en, and I think we better get out and help them play pranks.

RAY. Just what I say! I feel as if it would do me good to get into a little mischief.

FRANK. But if we get to acting too bad the witches may get after us, and I should hardly fancy that.

WALLACE. Who is afraid of witches? I'd like to meet them once—I think I would show them whether they could scare me. What shall we do tomorrow night?

CHAS. Well, you know how afraid old Miss Judson is that something will get in her yard? She has six fits a minute if her gate is left open. I propose we take her gate off and hide it where she won't find it for a week.

RAY. Good! I'll help. She gave me a lecture yesterday for leaving that gate open. And say, you know the sign at Brown's harness shop that says, "Leather Goods Sold Here." Let's take that and fasten it in front of Mrs. Sharp's bakery. Wouldn't she be crazy when she saw it?

FRANK. Oh, yes, we must do that. Some of her things taste like leather, anyway. And, oh, you know how Deacon Hobby hates dancing? If we can get the sign that says, "Dance Here Tonight," we ought to fasten it way up on the top of his veranda.

WALLACE. I think we can find ways enough to help the witches stir things up. I guess they'll think they have good assistants. Where shall we meet tomorrow night?

CHAS. At the pine tree back of the old blacksmith's shop. That is such a lonesome place no one else will be around, and we can plan things in great shape. We must wear masks, and all be there at eight o'clock.

THE OTHERS. Oh, we'll all be there, never fear.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

At the pine tree. Have background hung with large branches of evergreen and chunks of wood piled on floor at back of stage, with evergreen strewn over it. Have the stage quite dark.

WALLACE (*Entering, with cap pulled down, collar turned up, and wearing a black mask*). Well, I'm the first one. Pretty dark and lonely here, but I'm not afraid. (*Walks back and forth.*) Wonder why the others don't come? No fun waiting here alone. Guess I'm early. I'm going to get down here and scare the other fellows when they come. (*Hides down by pile of wood. Enter the four GIRLS dressed as witches, wearing long capes or black shawls, black*

masks and tall, peaked paper caps. They march slowly round the stage in a circle, saying in a very slow, deep, sepulchral voice:)

GIRLS.

Fi-lo-fe and fe-lo-fi,
De-do-dum, the breezes sigh.
Hi-te-ti, oh, all take care,
Re-ro-ri, of spooks beware.

WALLACE. Mercy! Witches! What shall I do? Oh, if the boys would come. If I were only safe at home. (*The WITCHES turn suddenly, run toward him, and drag him to center of stage.*)

IRMA. (*They all speak in very monotonous, sepulchral tones*). Oh, a child of man! A boy-schemer! A mischief-plotter!

EMMA. Be-zo-zum, be thanked that we have found him!

HAZEL. What shall we do with our prize?

DOROTHY. Take him to Witchville and keep him forever. (*They tie his hands behind him with a long rope.*)

WALLACE. Oh, please let me go. I'm good. I haven't done anything. I'll go right home and not do any Hallowe'en mischief if you'll let me go.

IRMA. For 2,000 hundred years it has been an unbroken law that when we captured a boy on Witches' Night, he would be held forever at our court as a slave. You cannot escape.

WALLACE. Oh, let me go! Let me go!

EMMA. There are other boy-plotters who are in mischief with you. We will wait here till they come, and if you can get them to go with you and work for us a year you may then all come back home.

HAZEL. Here they come. You may ask them to go. We promise you shall all return safely, and witches never deceive. (*The WITCHES sit down at back of stage, holding the end of the rope by which WALLACE is tied. Enter the other Boys.*)

CHAS. Oh, here's Wallace! Hello, what's the matter?

WALLACE. Oh, boys, help me! Don't leave me! Go with me, won't you?

RAY. What are you talking about? Are you sick? (WITCHES *rise and come forward*. Boys *scream*.)

WALLACE. They've got me tied. Don't leave me. Go with me.

BOYS. Of course we will not leave you. We'll stand by you. (WITCHES *march around the Boys and chant verse as on entering*.)

DOROTHY (*in natural voice*). Well, boys, you're so good we are going to let you off easy.

WALLACE. Dorothy Ayer—is that you?

IRMA. Yes. We found out all your plans for tonight and decided we would help the witches, too. It is mean—the things you planned.

EMMA. Think, how poor Mrs. Sharp would feel to have everyone laughing about her leather cooking.

HAZEL. And Miss Judson would feel dreadful about her gate. We have a splendid plan. You know how poor she is? Today we saw her trying to split wood. Now, we want you boys to hurry over there and split her a nice little pile and then come over to Irma's for a Hallowe'en supper. We're going to have lots of goodies.

CHAS. That is a great way to spend Hallowe'en, but I guess your plan is better than ours. Of course we want that supper—come on, boys. Hurrah for the wood-pile!

CURTAIN.

Thanksgiving.

A TALE OF TURKEYS.

Ten little turkeys growing fat and fine,
One met a hungry pig—then there were nine.

Nine little turkeys stole outside the gate,
One wandered far away—then there were eight.

Eight hungry turkeys ate enough for eleven,
One was taken very sick—then there were but seven.

Seven roaming turkeys were driven back with sticks,
One got hit severely—then there were but six.

Six thirsty turkeys to get a drink contrive,
One fell into the tank—then there were five.

Five sad turkeys wishing Thanksgiving Day was o'er,
One hid to save his head—then there were four.

Four anxious turkeys, one said, "They can't have me,
I am going to the woods"—then there were but three.

Three other turkeys say Thanksgiving makes them
blue,
One pined away in fear—then there were two.

Two turkeys left—one started on a run
So fast cook could not catch him—then there was one.

One big fat turkey was cooked till nicely done
And eaten for Thanksgiving—then there was none.

THE INQUIRING PUMPKINS.

For four boys.

Arrange four pumpkins in a row at the back of a table and hang a curtain from the table to the floor so the four boys can hide below the table. The pumpkins should have faces cut on them. As each boy speaks it appears that a pumpkin is talking.

FIRST BOY.

My friends, there are some questions
We should like to ask you, pray;
What is all this fuss about,
And what is Thanksgiving Day?

Why do people hurry 'round
In such a very busy way,
And say there's lots of work to do
Preparing for Thanksgiving Day?

What does Thanksgiving look like,
I should like to understand?
From the fuss that's made about it
It must be very grand.

SECOND BOY.

There was a splendid turkey,
Big and fat as he could be;
Once he came into the field
And had a talk with me.

But I heard the mistress say
He could not go on living,
For he was just the turkey
They wanted for Thanksgiving.

What will Thanksgiving do with him,
And who is she, anyway?

What makes folks think she is so nice?
I should like to hear you say.

THIRD BOY.

Only yesterday the cook
Came for a pumpkin yellow;
She took the finest one there was
And said, "It's just the fellow

I am wanting for the pies
We must have Thanksgiving Day."
So she took the lucky pumpkin
And carried him away.

Oh, my, I was so sorry
She had not taken me,
For then I'd surely find out
What Thanksgiving Day could be.

FOURTH BOY.

The folks are baking things enough
To last two weeks, I guess,
And I don't understand it,
I am willing to confess.

There's a lot of company coming
To spend Thanksgiving Day;
They're going to have a splendid time,
I heard the children say.

Though we're but pumpkins, we don't wish
In ignorance to remain,
So this mystery of Thanksgiving
We hope someone will explain.

AT THANKSGIVING TIME.

For four children.

No. 1.

The skies are dull and cloudy,
The autumn winds blow chill;
There's not a bit of brightness left
In valley or on hill.

ALL (*In concert*).

But the fruits are gathered in,
The pumpkins stored away,
And though 'tis cold and cloudy—
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

No. 2.

The pretty flowers have vanished,
The song birds have gone, too;
I think poor Mother Nature
Must feel quite sad and blue.

ALL.

But home is warm and cozy,
The baking's nearly done,
And though the earth looks dreary—
Hurrah for Thanksgiving fun!

No. 3.

The sun's no longer shining,
The North Wind is severe;
Jack Frost is getting saucy
And nips our nose and ear.

ALL.

But we'll wrap up good and warm.
And jump into the sleigh,
Then off we'll go to grandpa's
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

No. 4.

The earth is full of sadness,
Of sorrow, care and pain;
We always find some trouble
O'er which we can complain.

ALL.

But each day has a blessing
Our sorrow to repay,
So let us all be thankful,
And enjoy Thanksgiving Day!

A THANKSGIVING PIE.

An exercise for four small children, who come on one at a time to speak.

FIRST CHILD.

One sunny day in springtime
A farmer went forth to sow,
And planted a seed like this
(Holds up a pumpkin seed.)
A pumpkin seed, you know.

The small seed, white and tender,
Was safely hidden away,
And lay in the moist, dark earth
Quietly, day after day.

SECOND CHILD.

But at last a tiny plant
Peeped forth at the smiling sun,
And sturdy little leaves of green
Soon followed, one by one.

And then a flower like this
Unfolded beneath the light;

(Holds up a pumpkin flower made of yellow paper.)

A very pretty flower,
With its yellow petals bright.

THIRD CHILD.

The flower soon withered away,
And a small green ball came next
That was not pretty at all,
And the vine was sadly vexed

But summer days passed quickly,
With sunshine, rain and heat,
And the ball grew just like this,
(Holds up a yellow pumpkin.)
A pumpkin, yellow and sweet.

FOURTH CHILD.

And then, at Thanksgiving time,
The pumpkin that grew from the ball
That followed the yellow flower
That came from the seed so small

Was stewed in mother's kettle
Mixed with sugar, eggs and spice,
And made into pumpkin pie—
This Thanksgiving pie so nice.

(Holds up a pumpkin pie.)

THE WELCOME SNOWFLAKES.

Thanksgiving recitation for a small girl wearing a cloak and hood. Place a tall screen on the stage and have someone behind it with a basket of white paper torn in small bits. During each stanza handfuls of

the paper are tossed over the top of the screen, falling over the speaker to represent snowflakes.

Oh, you dear little snowflakes,
Falling down soft and light,
Covering the bare, frozen ground
With a mantle of purest white.

Dear little welcome snowflakes,
I'm glad to see you today,
You must come, and come, and come,
And then not hurry away.

'Cause we're going to grandpa's house
To have our Thanksgiving Day,
And you know, little snowflakes white,
We want to ride in the sleigh.

THANKSGIVING PHOTOGRAPHS.

Procure a good-sized picture frame, stand it on a table that has a cover reaching the floor in front; with small nails fasten a piece of lath to each side of back of frame and to the table, so the frame will stand securely. The actors take their places, one by one, back of the frame, revealing a bust photograph, and a description of each is given. Across the stage, in front of frame, hang a curtain which is to be drawn aside to reveal the first photograph, then drawn back while the second one is arranged, etc. The description of the photographs can be given by a good reader or recited by various children, each child describing one picture. The costumes can be arranged by referring to Colonial pictures, but much of the success of the piece depends on the makeup of the characters.

No. 1.

At Thanksgiving time 'tis meet,
As our minds on the Pilgrims dwell,
To exhibit their photographs,
And their famous history tell.
These sturdy New England Fathers,
Who helped carve our country's fame,
We are proud to bring before you,
And sing the praise of their name.
The Governor, William Bradford,
I am glad to present to you,
Who loyally loved his people,
And cheered them with counsel true.
When after a fruitful season
The harvest was safe stored away,
He called the Pilgrims together
To enjoy a Thanksgiving day.
Today we are truly grateful,
Not alone for the blessings at hand,
But for the helpful lessons taught
By the sturdy Puritan band.

No. 2.

We next will show you Miles Standish,
The Captain who never knew fear;
With faith and courage undaunted
He met every trial to appear.
Stern and commanding, yet noble,
He marshaled his brave warrior band,
And quelled the troublesome Indians
Who had taken a hostile stand.
One of the first to embark
On New England's bleak, stormy shore,
He staunchly stood by the colony
Till her days of hardship were o'er.

No. 3.

And next we invite you to see
Massasoit, the Indian chief tall,
He who was kind to the Pilgrims,
Though his feathers and paint scared them all.
When on his first visit he came,
The men, with Miles Standish in lead,
Marched out and received him with honor,
Which pleased Massasoit indeed.
He gazed at the pale-faced people,
With their log-cabins small but strong,
Then gave them his pledge of friendship
And promised to do them no wrong.
He came with a number of braves,
Much to the people's delight,
And attended the first Thanksgiving,
Staying from morning till night.

No. 4.

John Alden we next introduce,
The student, earnest and grave,
Who to the gentle Priscilla
His affection secretly gave;
But because of love for Standish
He plead for the warrior instead,
With eloquence showing Priscilla
Why she and the Captain should wed.
But that quiet Puritan maid
Independence steadily showed,
And to scholar rather than soldier,
Her love on John Alden bestowed.

No. 5.

Now we must show you Priscilla,
Industrious, cheerful and neat,
A brave-hearted, spirited maid,
With countenance charming and sweet.

As she spun at her swift-moving wheel,
 You surely don't need to be told
 That this winsome Priscilla made
 A picture most fair to behold.
 "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
 With arch look she roguishly said,
 When Alden gravely advised her
 The Puritan Captain to wed.
 So Alden won fair Priscilla,
 While Plymouth was merry and gay,
 Celebrating their marriage
 With feasting and glad holiday.

No. 6.

Last, Mistress White we will show you,
 With Peregrine, her infant child,
 Who, ere at Plymouth they landed,
 Was born on the rough ocean wild.
 Peregrine, you know, means wandering,
 But, when their wandering was o'er;
 The gallant Mayflower safely anchored
 On the welcome New England shore.
 There, on the sea-coast rock-bound,
 Their courage shone undimmed and bright;
 Making illustrious history,
 They trusted in God and did right.
 To Mistress White and Peregrine,
 To all the Pilgrims, brave and true,
 Who founded here their sturdy band,
 Our loyal, fervent thanks are due.

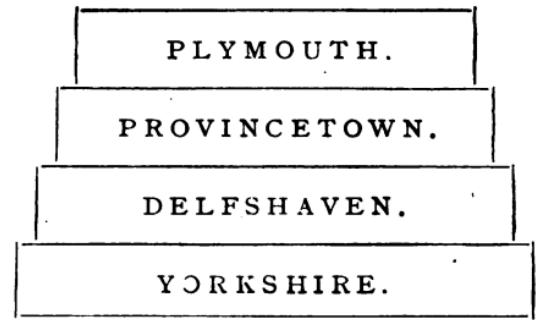
A STORY OF LONG AGO.

Thanksgiving exercise for twelve children.

Four children come forward, each carrying a card, one with the word Yorkshire printed on it, one with

Delfshaven, one Provincetown, and one Plymouth. Each child, before speaking, fastens the card on the wall. When they have finished, eight others come on, each with a letter covered with evergreen to spell Pilgrims. These they fasten up, the whole arrangement to be thus:

PILGRIMS



No. 1. The Pilgrim Fathers, who landed from the Mayflower, chiefly belonged to a company of people originating in Yorkshire, England, where we first become acquainted with them as Puritans. Not being in sympathy with the Episcopal Church, and believing in their right to "worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience," they withdrew from the Church of England and became a separate religious body.

No. 2. In order to avoid religious persecution, they sought a home in Holland, and for several years lived quietly at Delfshaven, among the stolid Dutch, with their bright flowers and picturesque fishing boats. In a tiny church with pillar-supported roof, straight, square pews and high pulpit, the Puritans were free to worship as they chose. Many useful lessons were learned from the good Hollanders, but, wishing to preserve the principles and customs of their own people, they decided to seek still another home.

No. 3. The little company of Pilgrims gathered at Delfshaven, whence they embarked in the Speedwell for Plymouth, England. From Plymouth they sailed in the Mayflower for the distant and unknown America. In the company were 101 men, women and children. In November they reached Cape Cod and anchored off Provincetown. They had intended to land further south, within the jurisdiction of the Virginia Company, but the severe weather prevented. Not on Plymouth Rock, as is often said, but on the shores of Cape Cod did they first set foot. Here, at Provincetown, they found corn, lost four of their number by death and drew up their famous charter.

No. 4. After exploring the coast in search of a suitable place for founding a colony, they made a permanent settlement at Plymouth, not far from the present city of Boston. Near the place of landing was a large stone which they called Plymouth Rock, and which is still to be seen—a gray boulder of the glacial period—bearing the date 1620. It is now sheltered by a pretty granite canopy and enclosed by an iron railing. Amid the sighing of pines and the dashing of waves they took up the new life, caring not for the forests, the rocks and the storms. Bravely they began work, thanking God for freedom and liberty.

No. 5. Among those who landed from the Mayflower were Miles Standish and his young wife, Rose, John Alden and Priscilla, Mary Chilton—said to be the first woman to step upon Plymouth shore, John Carver, the first governor, and William Bradford, who succeeded him. There were about thirty children—eight of them girls—and most of them with queer names. There were Remember, Damaris, Patience, Love, Humility, Wrasling Brewster, and two babies, Peregrine, which means wandering, and Oceanus, named from the great ocean, his first home.

No. 6. While walking about the shore of Cape Cod Bay the men found a little mound containing several

baskets of corn, one, as William Bradford's history tells us, "a fine great new Basket of very faire corne with thirty-six goodly ears of corne, some yellow and some red and others mixt with blew which was a very goodly sight." The Pilgrims carried some of the corn back to the ship, keeping it to plant next spring, but afterward found the Indian who had hidden it and paid for what they took.

No. 7. Here on Cape Cod the women of the company, after spending Sunday in the little cabin of the boat, held their first New England washing-day, setting up iron kettles, under which were built fires of juniper wood. The men and boys carried water from a small pond near Provincetown, while the children ran about, greatly enjoying the out-of-door freedom after their long journey in the *Mayflower*.

No. 8. After the landing at Plymouth the men set busily to work cutting trees from which to build the new homes. There was soon a little row of seven houses along the shore, not like the pretty homes the Pilgrims had left in England, but clean and comfortable, even though built of logs. One house, larger and stronger than the rest, was the "Common House," to be used for a fort in time of danger and on Sundays for a church. The first winter was a severe one for the Pilgrims. They had few warm clothes, little to eat, and many were sick. Before spring half of the brave band died.

No. 9. The new settlers had little trouble with the Indians, as most of them proved friendly. Where disputes arose they were peacefully settled through the influence of Miles Standish. Samoset, the first to visit them, came among them crying, "Welcome, Englishmen," and was so pleased with his reception that he stayed all night. He came several times and once brought his chief, Massasoit, tall, straight, strong, and much decorated with paint and feathers. Massasoit, with a band of braves, stationed himself on a hill near

by and the Pilgrims sent one of their men to him with knives, chains, "strong water and basket," as presents. A company then met him and escorted him in honor to the Common House, where he was seated upon rugs and cushions. A treaty was signed, and Massasoit was ever the friend of the Pilgrims.

No. 10. Squanto, another friendly Indian, could speak English and was very helpful to the white people. He taught them to enrich the ground by putting a herring into each hill of corn. He told them the right time to plant corn, when the leaves of the white oak were as big as the ears of a mouse—and showed them how to watch and care for the fields. All summer the crops were anxiously tended, and when fall came there was a good harvest of grain, corn and fruit.

No. 11. Before landing at Plymouth the Pilgrims drew up and signed a compact of government, which is supposed to be the earliest written constitution in American history. John Carver was elected governor for one year. In the spring of 1621 the Mayflower returned to England, and soon after Governor Carver died. He was succeeded by William Bradford. They successfully carried on their government independent of royal sanction, and later obtained from the council of New England a grant of the land they were upon.

No. 12. In the autumn of 1621 was observed the first Thanksgiving. There had been a good harvest, and with the grain, corn and fruit stored away, the codfish, lobsters and clams of the sea, the deer, ducks and turkeys in the woods, the Pilgrims were able to have an abundant feast. Governor Bradford accordingly called the people together for a season of special thanksgiving in acknowledging God's goodness to them. Men were sent into the woods for game and with glad hearts the people prepared for the first Thanksgiving dinner. Massasoit came with a number of his Indians and stayed three days, enjoying the feast so much that he returned the hospitality with a

gift of five deer. Each year since has New England celebrated the ingathering of the harvest, until to-day the Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims has become a much-loved national holiday.

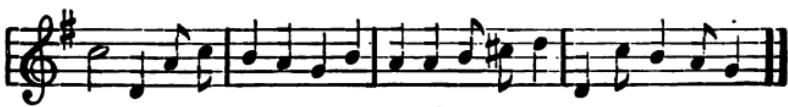
LITTLE PURITAN MOTHERS.

A Motion Song.

Eight little girls, dressed as Puritans, come onto stage with dolls that have plain dresses and little white caps.



CHORUS.



I.

Cradled on thy mother's breast,
Sleep, my weary babe, and rest;
While the tall pines moaning sigh,
And the surging waves dash high,
Sleep, oh, sleep, and rest.

Chorus.

Lullaby, my own Priscilla,
Loving mother guards you;
Sleep, thou little Love, and Mercy, Faith, and Patience,
too;
Sleep, oh, sleep, and rest.

2.

Though the frost and snow are here,
And the skies are gray and drear;
Though the flowers have hid from sight,
And the song birds taken flight—

Sleep, oh, sleep, and rest.

Chorus.

3.

Mother's heart is full of cheer,
God has blest us through the year;
Harvest is safe stored away,
And we'll keep Thanksgiving Day—

Sleep, oh, sleep, and rest.

Chorus.

THANKSGIVING TABLEAUX.

I.—Pilgrims Going to Church.

Have a boy and a girl dressed in Puritan style (if possible secure the Perry picture, "Pilgrims Going to Church," and copy the costumes from that), the boy with a gun, the girl with her Bible.

They pass slowly across the stage, and as they do so a chorus behind the scenes sings :

"Safely Through Another Week."

(*Music found in most any hymnal.*)

Safely through another week

God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,

Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

II.—The Puritan Maiden.

A young lady dressed as Priscilla sits by an old-fashioned spinning-wheel; a young man dressed as John Alden comes in and stands as if talking earnestly. The chorus behind the scenes sings:

Tune: "Work, For the Night is Coming."

See fair Priscilla spinning,
Humming a sweet, old song,
Thinking, perchance, of Alden
(*Young man enters.*)

As he comes along;
With earnestness he argues
That she his friend shall wed,
But this determined maiden
Laughs and shakes her head.

MEETING OF THE MONTHS.

Thanksgiving exercise for six boys and six girls.

CHARACTERS.

THANKSGIVING and the TWELVE MONTHS.

COSTUMES:—THANKSGIVING.—Girl with dark gown, white Puritan collar and cuffs, white crown with gilt trimming.

JAN.—Boy with dark suit trimmed with evergreen.

FEB.—Girl with dark gown, bright paper ruffles and cap; wear bright paper hearts.

MAR.—Girl with hair down, cap on one side and wearing shawl.

APR.—Boy with light suit, large white collar and carrying umbrella.

MAY.—Girl with white gown and wearing artificial violets.

JUNE.—Girl with white gown and wearing artificial roses.

JULY.—Boy trimmed with red, white and blue bunting and small flags.

AUG.—Boy with white waist, big straw hat and large fan.

SEPT.—Girl with gown trimmed with red, yellow and green ruffles.

OCT.—Boy with suit trimmed with brown and dark red ruffles.

NOV.—Girl with gown and cap trimmed with evergreen.

DEC.—Boy with suit trimmed with white ruffles and wearing white cap.

Stage should be decorated with corn, evergreen, pumpkins, etc. THANKSGIVING sits on box draped for throne and NOV. stands behind her.

NOV. (To audience).

I am going to have a meeting,
A reception, I should say,
In honor of my child who brings
The glad Thanksgiving Day,
And entertain the Months who through
A year of time hold sway.
Although she is an old, old friend
I'm sure we've never weary grown
Of her yearly reappearance—
She's a queen, we gladly own.

(To THANKSGIVING).

And now I think we're ready quite.
For visitors, my dear,
And as I do not like to wait,
I hope they'll soon appear.
Bringing hearts that overflow
With glad Thanksgiving cheer.

(Enter JAN. with a large book with "Good Resolutions" on cover.)

Ah, January, welcome, sir;
 You've arrived the earliest one.
 I trust you have enjoyed your rest
 Since last winter's work was done.

JAN. (*Bowing to Nov. and THANKSGIVING*).

Oh, yes, indeed, I feel quite fresh,
 And am growing young again.
 Though I rushed so hard last winter,
 I was quite a shadow then.
 Now I shall have to settle down
 And my coming work prepare—
 The task of ushering in the year
 Is quite a wearing care.
 I am glad to meet Thanksgiving,

(*Bows again to her.*)

And a little book have brought
 In which to write her firm resolve
 To do everything she ought.
 Though I suppose, as others do,
 She'll break each good resolve in two.

(*Hands book to THANKSGIVING.*)

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks, January, I shall write
 My good resolves, you'll see;
 And if I do not break them all
 I'll surely thankful be.

Nov.

Now February comes this way;
 I wonder what she has to say.

FEB. (*Entering*).

Ah, Thanksgiving, I am thankful
 To clasp your hand in mine,

(*Takes THANKSGIVING's hand.*)

But still more thankful I shall be
 To be your Valentine.

Though I'm the shortest month of all
 My love for you is true,
 So please accept this little gift
 I gladly bring to you,

(*Gives THANKSGIVING a valentine cut like a heart.*)

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, thank you for the valentine,
 And though the fewest days are thine,
 You are the leap-year month, and then
 See what a rest you give the men.

MARCH (*Entering hurriedly.*)

Next comes blustery, stormy March,
 But I'll not blow you away,
 For I'm trying to behave myself
 'Cause Thanksgiving's here to-day.
 I'm thankful I can have some fun
 And not be always good,
 Though this will prove that sometimes I
 Behave as nice months should.
 When sunshiny and good I am
 I'm often likened to a lamb.

(*Gives THANKSGIVING a little toy lamb.*)

THANKSGIVING.

Accept my thanks, and though you cause
 Our anger oft to start
 By your snowing, blowing, storming,
 You have a kindly heart.

(*A cry is heard outside of door.*)

JAN.

Oh, dear! What can that racket be?
 I think I'll have to go and see.

FEB.

'Tis only April—let him cry;
 He will be laughing by and by.

APRIL (*Enters crying*).

Oh, dear, I feel so bad to have
 Thanksgiving see me cry,
But every time a spell comes on
 I can only weep and sigh.
How very thankful I should be
 If I could smiling stay,
But there (*Laughs*) I'm happy as a lark;
 The storm has passed away.
I wish you would accept this gift
 In memory of my showers
That freshen up the frosty earth
 And summon forth the flowers.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks, April, though you're often sad,
 We're thankful you're not always bad.

(*April gives her his umbrella.*)

Nov.

Now, by the gentle steps I hear,
 I think that "merry May" draws near.

MAY (*Entering*).

Yes, I am come, and happy am
 Thanksgiving day to greet.
I bring a breath of springtime with
 A bunch of blossoms sweet.
Although, like you, I ne'er can hold
 The world in queenly sway,
I'm thankful that the children love
 The gentle, merry May.

(*Gives THANKSGIVING a May-basket with violets.*)

THANKSGIVING.

Indeed, they love you, love you well,
 And never tire your charms to tell.

JUNE (*Entering*).

If there is room, may June come in,
 And humble homage pay
 To the queen of national repute
 Who rules Thanksgiving day?
 Although your actual reign is brief,
 One day of all the year—
 Yet your influence lives and works
 Until you next appear.
 Alas, when I am gone, the world
 Forgets me very soon.
 I would that I could helpful be,
 But I am only June.

(*Gives THANKSGIVING a bunch of roses.*)

THE MONTHS (*That are present, in concert*).

Ah, June, thou lovely summer queen,
 Thy memory lives always;
 Who can forget thy roses sweet?
 Thy skies and balmy days?
 'Tis strange we do not jealous grow
 In hearing of thy praise.

(*Fire crackers are heard exploding outside.*)

Nov.

Well, I imagine from the noise
 That bold July draws near.
 He will rouse our patriotism
 And let us know he's here.

JULY (*Entering*).

Hurrah for the Fourth of July,
 With its patriotism and noise;
 Day of our national birth,
 The joy of American boys.
 This is a most suitable time
 Our sincere thanks to express,

And mine I gladly give for the
Liberty that we possess.
Though we've blessings many and great,
Chief among them doth stand
This home of the brave and the free,
Columbia, our native land.
This little token of homage
I beg leave to offer to you—
Long may it triumphantly wave,
Banner of red, white and blue.

(*Gives THANKSGIVING a flag.*)

ALL.

Hurrah for the Fourth of July!
Hurrah for our banner so bright!
Forever let us give thanks for
This emblem of Freedom and Right.

AUGUST. (*Entering*).

I am only humble August,
A common month at best,
With no holidays to give me
Distinction like the rest.
I'm even badly talked about
Because I am so hot,
And have such dreadful dog days,
And goodness knows what not.
But 'tis my sunny days so warm
That ripen harvest fields,
And thus provide the bounteous crops
That golden autumn yields.
Without my help I fear we'd fare
Quite slim Thanksgiving day,
And now I'd like to give you
Some apples, if I may.

(*Gives small basket of apples.*)

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, thank you, August, what we'd do
 Without the apples red,
 Of which we are so very fond,
 Is more than can be said.
 And you are not a humble month,
 'Tis true, just as you say,
 Without your genial help we'd have
 Slim feasts Thanksgiving day.
 Be thankful you are of such use,
 And fret no more, I pray.

SEPT. (*Entering*).

September now her homage pays
 Unto Thanksgiving's queen ;
 Though I wish that you might see me
 In my gold and crimson sheen.
 I've brought you some of my choicest ears
 Of ripened, yellow corn,
 Without which harvest fields would seem
 Quite barren and forlorn.
 I'm glad to bid you welcome, for
 My heart is full of praise,
 And sings with glad thanksgiving
 For the joy that fills my days.

(*Presents ears of corn.*)

Oct. (*Entering*.)

Is there room for still another?
 October comes along
 To greet November's festal queen
 With glad thanksgiving song.
 I feel as if I knew you well,
 For every year I hear
 Your praises very warmly sung
 As your festival draws near.
 I am the month of chilly nights,

So get your pumpkins in,
For if I'd chance to frost them some
I'd think it was no sin.
And, by the way, I've brought you here
The promise of a pie;

(*Gives small pumpkin.*)

'Tis nice to look at, but will taste
Far better by and by.

THANKSGIVING.

Accept my thanks for this, my friend,
You know just how we'd sigh
If the Thanksgiving feast came round
Without our pumpkin pie.

Nov.

Now just one more, and then our list
Will quite completed be;
We'll be glad to see December,
Who brings the Christmas tree.

DEC. (*Entering*).

How-do-do, November, and Miss
Thanksgiving, how are you?
I'm glad to see you, but I'm rushed
Till I don't know what to do.
I can only stay a minute,
Then I must hurry away
To see how things are getting on
For the Christmas holiday.
Here's a little gift I brought you—
It is not much, I know,
But I hope that it will please you,
And now I'll have to go.

(*Gives THANKSGIVING a package marked "From Santa," and rushes off.*)

JAN.

I think he's very rude indeed;
What is the use of such great speed?

FEB.

Oh, he must hurry off because
He's got to see to Santa Claus.

MARCH.

And fix the sleighing up, you know,
So with his reindeer Santa can go.

THANKSGIVING.

Ah, yes, we must excuse him,
He means to be quite kind,
But you know he's 'most distracted
With the load that's on his mind.
I'm sure that not a better month
Than December you can find.

ALL THE MONTHS.

Hurrah for December and Santa; hurrah for the
gay Christmas tree!

Hurrah for the dashing white reindeer we've
heard of but never can see!

And now, with three cheers for Thanksgiving,
and the blessings she brings us alway,
We'll pay a last homage at court,

(*All bow to THANKSGIVING.*)

and bid you each one a good day.

(*Bow to audience.*)

(*After presents are handed to THANKSGIVING, NOVEMBER puts them in place, hanging some up and arranging others on the floor.*)

Christmas.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sing a song of Christmas,
With frost and ice and snow;
With evergreens and holly,
And stockings in a row.

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
The children's jolly friend,
With loads of books and playthings,
And goodies without end.

Sing a song of Christmas,
And the stately Christmas tree,
With its lights and shining tinsel,
So beautiful to see.

Sing a song of secrets
Securely hid away,
Which must not be found out
Till merry Christmas day.

Sing a song of feasting,
Of gayety and mirth,
While bells are gladly chiming,
"Peace, and good will on earth."

Sing a song of Christmas,
Oh, sing it loud and clear,
For the merry Christmas time
Is the best of all the year.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

For Three Children.

No. 1.

'Tis drawing near to Christmas,
And you'll find everywhere
The land is quite pervaded
With a queer, mysterious air.
Wherever you may venture
You're certain sure to find
The place brim full of secrets
Of some important kind.
The secrets—oh, such secrets,
As we could all unfold—
But not till Christmas morning
They're going to be told.
I've something nice for mamma
That's hidden on a shelf,
To rest her weary feet in—
I made them all myself;
But not a whisper 'bout them
Shall anybody hear,
For 'tis a Christmas secret,
And they would tell, I fear.

ALL.

Oh, such wonderful things are hidden away,
That shall not be revealed until Christmas day!

No. 2.

The season just 'fore Christmas
Is a very trying time,
And keeps us feeling anxious
In a manner not sublime.
We've so many things to tell
That it makes it hard to wait,
And the days go by so slowly
We fear Christmas must be late.
I have a gift for papa
I can tell 'bout if I choose;

'Twill keep his papers handy
When he wants to read the news.
I'm just as secret 'bout it
As grown-up folks could be,
And so he'll not be looking
For anything from me.

ALL.

Oh, such wonderful secrets as we might tell,
But you cannot find out—they're hidden too well!

No. 3.

I've something in the garret,
Under grandma's old armchair,
And I'm very sure that no one
Will think of looking there.
I've a . . . something nice for brother
'Cause he likes to read so well—
He's the greatest boy for stories
That you ever did hear tell.
And for my little sister
I've the cutest . . . something nice,
With such a pretty dress on—
She is sweet as syrup and spice.
I guess Aunt Sue'll be surprised
When on Christmas day she'll see
The . . . to write her letters on
That she's going to get from me.

ALL.

Oh, such wonderful things as we might say
But we'll keep our secrets safe hidden away,
And will not reveal them—let come whate'er may—
Until dawns the morn of the glad Christmas day!

SANTA CLAUS.

An exercise for ten little children, each one carrying
a letter covered with evergreen or holly, the ten

to spell Santa Claus. Children come on one at a time, appearing promptly, so there is but slight pause in the speaking.

No. 1.

One lonely letter is bashful
And feels quite afraid of you,

No. 2.

So this one comes for company,
And now you see there are two.

No. 3.

Lest the two perchance should fall out,
And not in friendship agree,
This letter comes to settle things,
And now the number is three.

No. 4.

Three little letters grow social,
And wish that there were some more,
So T has come for a visit,
And now, you see, there are four.

No. 5.

Four little letters grow cultured,
And to spell out a word contrive,
Which feat they cannot accomplish
Till A comes, and now there are five.

No. 6.

You can know from the word they spell
That the five would be full of tricks,
So C had better come watch them,
And now, see, the number is six.

No. 7.

The six quite a company make,
And need to disciplined be,

So L comes to lay down the law,
And now there are seven, you see.

No. 8.

But the seven long for more friends,
And most impatiently wait
Till A comes to linger for aye,
And now the number is eight.

No. 9.

The eight don't know what Christmas means
And with curiosity pine,
So U must the mystery explain,
And then, you see, there are nine.

No. 10.

The nine little letters must have
Just one more helper, and then
They will spell a word that you love,
And the total number is ten.

ALL.

Oh, ten little letters are we,
And we're proud as letters can be,
Which is surely our right, because
We spell the name of SANTA CLAUS.

TRUE DEVOTION.

For a Tiny Girl Who Holds An Old Doll in Her Arms
While Speaking.

My darling, sweet Evangeline,
I love you more than I can tell;
I've always watched you carefully,
And doctored you to keep you well.
My mamma says if I am good

That maybe Santa Claus will bring
 A lovely new doll Christmas day—
 Which makes me cross as anything.
 Although you're getting old and worn
 You know to me you're handsome yet.
 What do I care for fine new dolls
 While you are still my precious pet?

CHRISTMAS CRADLE HYMN.



In quaint little Bethlehem town,
 On a Christmas long since gone by,
 Jesus, the wee infant Savior,
 On hay in a manger did lie.

Chorus.

Sleep, little King, softly sleep,
 Thy mother safe watch-care will keep,
 While angels sing the refrain,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And soon in the East the bright star
 Brought the wise men come from afar.

While their rich gifts they gladly bring
To Jesus, the wee infant King.

Chorus.

Though wicked men seek Him to kill,
Yet no harm shall the young King know ;
Safely doth the mother guard Him,
As she sings a lullaby low.

Chorus.

JOLLY OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Tune: "Juanita."

Far in the Northland, mid the mountains of white
snow,
Where icebergs float and where fleet reindeer grow,
Lives a dear old fellow, jolly kind old Santa Claus,
Who so soon will visit the good girls and boys.

Chorus.

Santa, jolly Santa, all the children love him well ;
Santa, jolly Santa, his goodness we tell.

With Mrs. Santa in his palace grand and tall,
Presents he's making, gifts for one and all ;
Through the balmy spring-time, through the summer
and the fall,
In the North he's making gifts for large and small.

Over the housetops he comes with a dash and bound,
Sliding down chimneys with never a sound ;
With a smile and chuckle, then how Santa Claus enjoys
Filling up the stockings of the girls and boys.

Now all you children must be very, very good,
Minding your parents as nice children should ;
But if you are naughty Santa Claus is sure to hear,
And not one small present he'll bring you this year.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

To Be Given by Two Little Girls.

Arrange something to represent a telephone, a string reaching from one side of stage to the other with a can (baking powder) fastened to each end will do. These cans the little girls use as the receivers of a telephone. The girls stand at each side of the stage while speaking. One should be dressed to represent an Esquimau.

FIRST GIRL.

Hello, little Esquimau girl,
Way up in the country of ice,
Are you living near Santa Claus,
Who brings Christmas presents so nice ?
Have you ever been to his shop
Where he makes such beautiful toys,
And all of the wonderful things
He brings to the good girls and boys ?
Do you sometimes see him go past
With his fleet, little, white reindeer ?
How awfully nice it must be
To live near him all of the year.
I 'spose he talks to you sometimes—
Oh, you're lucky, you can believe ;
He only comes here when I'm sleeping,
And then only on Christmas eve.
Does he give you golden-haired dolls,
And books, and candy, and rings ?
I 'spect, 'cause you live so near him,
He gives you just lots of nice things.

SECOND GIRL.

Hello, you strange little White Girl,
Down there in the United States,
You have gotten some queer ideas,
And made some funny mistakes.
Santa Claus doesn't live near me—
He is miles and miles farther north,
Where the beautiful Ice Queen lives,
And the bright Aurora shines forth.
I never have seen him at all,
For I'm fast asleep Christmas eve
When he comes to our little snow hut,
And stops my presents to leave.
What a golden-haired doll looks like
I cannot imagine, I'll own,
For the dolls that Santa brought me
Were cut out of wood and of bone.
What candy is, I do not know—
Santa doesn't have it, I guess,
But how good the nice candles taste
That he brings me I can't half express.
He never has brought me a ring
To wear in my nose or my ears,
But if I am good, I think that
He'll bring me some in a few years.
And now, good-by, little stranger,
I wish you could come here and see
What fun you would have on a trip
After seals with papa and me.

CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUMS.

FIRST CHILD.

"Tis one of a dozen—not much of a sum—
But while it is here does a certain day come
With the very best things you ever have seen—
Now, think well and tell me, what month do I
mean?

SECOND CHILD.

Let me see—it must be the one we like best,
And which one is better than all of the rest?
The month with nice things? Oh, it won't take
me long
To guess, it's December. I'm sure I'm not wrong.

THIRD CHILD.

'Tis during this month that a birthday doth fall,
A day that, though short, is the best of them all,
'Tis one we call "Merry"—now tell me, I pray,
What is the name of this wonderful day?

FOURTH CHILD.

Birthday in December? And "Merry" you say?
Oh, you surely must mean the glad Christmas day;
Birthday of the Christ Child, the dear infant King,
Whose coming the angels from heaven did sing.

FIFTH CHILD.

I know of a tree—'tis a very queer kind,
And very strange things on its branches you'll
find.
What tree is a favorite with all girls and boys
'Cause the fruit that it bears is usually toys?

SIXTH CHILD.

Tree that children like best? Well, you will see
Though that might catch some it cannot stick me.
It's so nice I guess that most every one knows
The gay Christmas tree is the best tree that grows.

SEVENTH CHILD.

There's a jolly old man, who's known everywhere,
He has a big heart and flowing, white hair.
His sleigh load of presents is drawn by reindeer—
Now can you guess his name? If so, let me hear.

EIGHTH CHILD.

Do I know his name? Well, I guess that I do.
'Tis our dear Santa Claus, and I love him, too.
The Christmas day surely would be very glum
If anything happened that he did not come.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

An exercise for four children, two of whom should be quite small, the other two larger. The smallest two each carry a little bell and the four stand thus:

2 3 4 numbers 1 and 4 being the smallest. No. 1 asks the question, ringing the bell softly while speaking, and No. 2 answers. No. 4 then rings her bell while speaking and No. 3 answers.

No. 1.

What is the message the bells bring,
The sweet-voiced chiming bells?
What are the words of Christmas cheer
Their merry ringing tells?

No. 2.

When in the town of Bethlehem
The infant Christ was born,
The angels sang the joyful news
On that glad Christmas morn.
"Peace" was the message they caroled,
For peace did the Savior bring,
And to our hearts the Christmas bells
The message of "Peace" still ring.

No. 4.

What are the merry bells saying,
The sweet-voiced Christmas bells?

What are the whispers of comfort
Their Christmas caroling tells?

No. 3.

While shepherds watched their sleeping flocks,
On the fair Judean hill,
The angels came with message sweet,
Their trembling hearts to thrill.
"Good will, good will to men," they sang,
For good will the Savior brought,
And now the bells ring out the same
Good will the angels taught.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

To be given by a boy who can act well. At one side of the stage hang a stocking filled with presents, on the floor beneath lay an air gun and conceal it with several packages. Boy stands at front of stage without noticing his presents until the last stanza.

Folks make such a fuss 'bout Christmas,
And say it's such a splendid day,
But I would never have it come
If I could only have my way.
"Merry Christmas," people call it,
And think that Christmas trees are fine,
And rave about the gifts they get,
But I don't care a snap for mine.

I never get the things I want,
And that is just the reason why
I can't enjoy a Christmas day,
Not even if I really try.
My ma says she will get me books,
But I don't think they're any fun,

And pa says he will give me skates,
But they're no good—I want a gun.
Grandma's sure to knit me mittens,
And I'll get neckties and a game,
And handkerchiefs and stationery—
But oh, dear me, those things are tame!
Of course, I will not get a thing
That will be a bit of fun,
'Cause the only gift I care for
Is a jolly, shooting gun.

Ma says I'd surely kill myself,
And pa says I am lots too small,
And so I do not care to look
At what they've given me at all.
But then, I guess that I'll just see,
Though I'll not care for them, I know.
Oh, Christmas is a tiresome day—
I hope 'twill hurry up and go.
(*Goes to presents and looks at them.*)

Oh, jolly goodness! What is this?
They've changed their minds, for here's a gun!
(*Holds up the air gun.*)
My, it's fine—a regular beauty!
Now I guess I'll have some fun.
Oh, Christmas is a splendid day,
I'll be real sorry when it's done;
And I'm the happiest boy alive
'Cause I have got my shooting gun.

HOLLY BRANCHES.

Four little girls, dressed in white, each wearing holly in her hair, a bunch on her shoulder, and carrying a branch in her hand. As she recites each one holds

her branch before her, looking at it as she speaks to it.

No. 1.

Oh, you beautiful Christmas Holly,
 With your leaves so shining and bright;
 Your scarlet berries on beds of green
 Are ever a Yuletide delight.

No. 2.

Oh, you beautiful, glossy Holly,
 You come with the gay Christmas time,
 Bringing the spirit of warm good will
 And the peace that the sweet bells chime.

No. 3.

Oh, you beautiful, silent Holly,
 With a touch as from heaven above,
 You soften our hearts with your brightness
 And bring us a message of love.

No. 4.

Oh, you beautiful, smiling Holly,
 As churches and homes you adorn,
 You bring to our minds the sweet story
 Of Jesus, in Bethlehem born.

ASSISTING SANTA CLAUS.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES,
 IRMA,
 ALICE,

VERA,
 MR. WATSON,
 MRS. WATSON.

SCENE I.

Street Scene. CHAS., IRMA, VERA and ALICE meet on the street.

CHAS. Hello, girls, what are you talking so earnestly about?

IRMA. About Santa Claus, of course. What else would we talk about so near Christmas time?

CHAS. Wishing he would bring you lots of nice presents, I suppose. Girls usually do want the earth.

VERA. Strange you seem to like them so well when you have such a poor opinion of them, Master Charles. To tell you the truth, however, we were not thinking about our own presents, but wishing we could give some to a few of the poor people who are apt to be overlooked.

CHAS. Oh, you want to be Saint Nick's assistants, do you? That's not a bad idea. We young folks are generally so well provided for and have so much to make us enjoy Christmas that it seems as if we might exert ourselves a little to make others happy.

ALICE. Just what I say. Can't we do something nice for some one? I'll help all I can. Somebody suggest something, quick.

IRMA. There are old Mr. and Mrs. Watson. They are all alone, with no one to remember them at Christmas time, and I guess they are pretty poor. Why can't we do something for them?

VERA. Yes, why can't we? We can take them some presents and something nice for a Christmas dinner, and I know they will be pleased. Shall we do it?

CHAS. Sure. I'll give fifty cents toward a cap for Mr. Watson. The one he had on the other day didn't warm his ears much, I guess. And I'll get mother to make something good for their Christmas dinner.

ALICE. Well, we girls will put something on the collection plate, too, and I'll make Mrs. Watson a pretty apron—see if I don't—and bake her a nice cake.

CHAS. Oh, I don't know about your baking a cake; we don't want the poor woman to be sick. Better let your mother make it.

ALICE. You saucy boy, as if I can't bake lovely cakes. You take half a cup of milk—

CHAS. Sweet or sour?

ALICE. Well, that depends on the kind of cake you want to—

CHAS. Well, I want a good one, of course. We don't care to have poor Christmas cakes.

IRMA. Now, you two stop quarreling, for I know Alice makes good cake, and that settles it. Charlie, you'll have to dress up like Santa Claus and take the things to Mr. and Mrs. Watson Christmas morning.

CHAS. All right. I'll probably play the part so well the good old Saint will be jealous of me. Let's talk to our folks about it and then have a meeting and plan just what to do.

VERA. Yes, meet at our house at seven o'clock tomorrow night. All be there and have a good list of things you'll give, for if we are going to assist Santa Claus we must be generous, you know. But come, let's hurry on or we'll be late for school, and we are going to have examinations to-day.

ALICE. Oh, how I hate those horrid examinations!

CHAS. Subject postponed, and this meeting adjourned until tomorrow night at seven. Come on. (*All hurry from stage.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

Same as Scene I. CHARLES coming on dressed as Santa Claus.

CHAS. I hope those girls will hurry up and not keep me waiting. Right and left hands are all right, but little-behind-hand I haven't much use for. Oh, here they come. Merry Christmas, girls. Everything all ready? (*Enter girls with two boxes and three baskets.*)

IRMA. Merry Christmas. Yes, eveything is fine. Now, remember, this red box is for Mr. Watson. Don't you make a mistake. (*Gives him the red box.*)

VERA. And this one done up in white paper is for Mrs. Watson. Now, don't forget—red is for Mr. Watson, and white is for Mrs. Watson. (*Gives him the white box.*)

CHAS. Red for Mr., white for Mrs., red, Mr., white Mrs., red, white, Mr., Mrs. Oh, Santa Claus won't make a mistake, I guess.

ALICE. Now, you go on and give them the boxes, and then after a while, when they've had time to look at them, we girls will take the baskets. I can hardly wait to see if they are pleased.

CHAS. Well, I feel kind of scared, but I suppose I can get through it somehow. I'll do the best I can. Goodby.

GIRLS. Goodby, Santa Claus. (*All Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

Home of MR. and MRS. WATSON, who are sitting by a small table.

MR. W. Well, Eliza, this is Christmas, but I'm afraid it won't be a very merry one for us. How can we enjoy the day with no one to care anything about us or even wish us many happy returns of the season and a merry Christmas?

MRS. W. If we only had some children to come home for a visit or to send us a few little presents, how nice it would be. I used to think there was no day like Christmas, but late years we never enjoy them at all. I wish we could skip Christmas, it makes me feel so blue. Oh, dear.

MR. W. Well, don't feel bad, Eliza. We've got something for a Christmas dinner, if it isn't very extra,

and that is more than some poor folks have. I did want to buy you a present, too, but the wood I got cost so much I didn't have enough left. It's too bad.

MRS. W. No, I didn't want you to give me a present—why, I don't need one at all. You mustn't mind what I say, only I do wish we had someone to cheer us up a little, or even to remember that we are alive. (*Enter CHAS. with the boxes.*)

CHAS. Merry Christmas, friends. Santa Claus is supposed to get around in the night, but I declare I've had so much to do this year and been bothered so many times that I'm way behind. I'm in a great hurry now—left my reindeer standing out here without stopping to tie them. (*Calls out in loud voice*), Whoa, Dasher; stand still there, Prancer. I have a little remembrance here for each of you. I—let me see, this white one is for you, Mr. Watson, and this red one, Mrs. Watson, is for you. (*Gives them the boxes.*) It isn't much of a present, but it will let you know old Santa didn't forget you. (*Calls out*), Whoa, Blixen, what are you doing? Vixen, behave yourself. Well, I have a lot to do yet, and must be hurrying on. A merry Christmas to you, and lots of them. Goodby. (*Hurries out.*)

MRS. W. Oh, John, isn't this nice? Who would have dreamed of our having such a surprise? Who could that have been? Why, we were not forgotten after all.

MR. W. No; someone has been good to us. I guess we're going to have a merry Christmas anyway. What do you suppose he has brought us?

MRS. W. Let's find out right away. Dear me, how glad I am to get something, I don't care what it is. (*They stand by the table and open the boxes.*) MR. WATSON finds a wool fascinator, which he ties over his head, a white apron that he ties around his waist, and a white handkerchief, which he holds. MRS. W. finds a pair of mittens and a man's cap, which she

puts on, and a bandana handkerchief that she holds. They then sit down disconsolately.)

MR. W. That Santa Claus was a dunce. What do I want of such things as these? No use to me at all.

MRS. W. And I must say these are nice presents for me. I wonder if Santa Claus meant to play a joke on us. I wish he hadn't come. (*She wipes her eyes on the bandana.*)

MR. W. Yes; so do I. Merry Christmas, indeed! (*Wipes his eyes on the white handkerchief.*)

(Enter the GIRLS with the baskets.)

VERA. Merry Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Watson. I hope that—why, what is the matter? Oh, that stupid Santa Claus—what has he done?

IRMA. Mr. Watson, Santa Claus made a mistake and gave you the wrong boxes. The things you have on were meant for your wife.

ALICE. And, Mrs. Watson, you have your husband's presents. What a mistake. (*They all laugh.*)

MRS. W. Well, John, why didn't we think of that? We were so disappointed that we didn't stop to reason about it at all. Of course those are my things. (*The girls change the presents, putting the apron on Mrs. W., the fascinator about her shoulders, and Mr. W.'s things on him.*)

VERA. Now you're all right, and in these baskets you'll find some nice goodies for your Christmas dinner.

IRMA. We are Santa's assistants, and we want to help you have a very merry Christmas.

ALICE. And you mustn't feel that you haven't any one to care about you, for you see you have.

MRS. W. Oh, how good you are and how much you have done to make us happy. We were thinking we should not enjoy our Christmas, but we shall indeed.

MR. W. Yes, it will be the best one we have had

for years. I wish we could thank you. Can't you try it, Eliza?

MRS. W. Bless their dear hearts; they don't want me to try. They can see how glad and thankful we are and how much good they have done two poor old people. May you always have merry Christmases, dearies, and lots of them.

MR. W. Yes, and you must tell Santa Claus the same when you see him. His mistake has turned out all right. Merry Christmas to you all.

THE GIRLS. Oh, thank you, but we must go. Goodby, and merry Christmas once more. (GIRLS leave stage as curtain is drawn.)

A CHRISTMAS SOLILOQUY.

Monologue by Miss Sharp, a Spinster of Fifty.

SCENE I.

MISS SHARPE, *in a rocker with a magazine.*

Well, here it is Christmas time once more, and all the bother of buying presents to be gone through with again. Seems only a few weeks since I did it the last time. What a nuisance this having relations who expect presents is. That's what comes of having money; folks expect you to spend it on them, and if you don't they call you stingy.

Hum, I'm sick of it and just believe I won't send them a single thing. They can go without presents for one year, I guess. They don't care about me any way, and always write something sarcastic about what I pick out for them, no matter how much it costs. If they could appreciate some little gift because I sent it I might take some pleasure in rushing around and making myself sick trying to select suitable presents. But all they want is for me to spend money on them, and I'm tired of it.

Christmas is sort of a humbug anyway, and the Christmas spirit is a desire to see how many presents you can extort from people. I just believe I'll swear off on the whole business, so there. (*Begins to read.*)

But then, of course, if I don't send them anything they won't understand, and will say all sorts of disagreeable things about me. What shall I do? It is enough to give me nervous prostration to try and find something suitable for each of them that costs as much as they expect, and even after all my trouble I probably don't pick out anything they want. Merry Christmas! I think it's the gloomiest part of the year. After you have done your best to please people, the way they don't appreciate your efforts is enough to give you the blues for a month. (*Walks back and forth and thinks.*)

I have it! I'm going down town and buy the most unsuitable and inappropriate things I can find for every one of them. No studying or worrying about it. I'll send something that I know each one does not want or need, and let it go at that. They can't say I didn't remember them, and I'll get off easy. As long as I'm sure to send the wrong thing to the right person and the right thing to the wrong person, why should I spend a lot of time over it? (*Gets paper and pencil.*)

Now, I'll just make a list of the names and what I'll give each one. (*Writes them down as she talks.*) First, there's brother Joshua; let's see, he's forty-five and has the rheumatism. I'll give him a pair of skates. He'll never use them in the world. Last Christmas he didn't appreciate the twenty-five-dollar set of books I bought him, after hunting a week for something he would like, and perhaps the skates will teach him a lesson.

Sister Caroline—she's fat and lazy and forty-eight. Hates to exert herself the worst of anyone I know. I'll send her a—a bicycle. Oh, won't she be angry?

Caroline on a wheel ; she would as soon think of flying. Maybe she will wish she had written a little more thankfully about the pearl brooch I sent her last year.

And cousin Alec—what for him? He is a college professor, always reading history, never been in love, doesn't care for novels. Oh, I'll send him a nice copy of "An English Woman's Love Letters." That is surely lovey enough to make him sick. Ha, ha, how I should like to watch his face as he realizes the situation and his indignation begins to rise.

Uncle Benjamin? Well, I do not suppose he has been dressed up in ten years. He doesn't care for society and doesn't care for fine clothes. I'll just send him a—a, oh, half a dozen fine linen shirts will be just the thing. He'll probably use them to clean his hoe and rake on—he's so fond of gardening—but I don't care.

And now I wonder what cousin Amanda would care the least for? Let me see—I think—oh, she never has cared a snap for music. I'll send her a nice guitar. That surely will be the thing she will least appreciate.

Well, this is the easiest Christmas work I have ever done. It won't be much trouble to get these things and order them sent, and it is surely interesting. I don't know when I have enjoyed anything more. I believe I really like to send Christmas presents, and how I shall enjoy reading their letters of thanks. (*Laughs.*) I'm going right down now and make my purchases. How fortunate that I hit upon this way of getting out of a lot of work and worry. (*Leaves stage.*)

SCENE II.

MISS SHARPE sitting at a table on which are a number of letters.

Now for my letters. (*Looks the pile over.*) Here is one from brother Joshua ; this is from cousin Alec ;

this, from Boston, is sister Caroline's; here is uncle Benjamin's, and this, yes, this is from cousin Amanda. How fortunate that I went visiting for a few days, so I can have them all to read at once. It is going to be the most interesting thing I have done for months, though I know beforehand just what they will say. I suppose they were all so disgusted that they'll give me a good piece of their indignant opinions. Let me see—I'll take uncle Benjamin's first—he's the crankiest of the lot. (*Reads aloud.*)

My dear Niece:—

Your Christmas present duly received, and I thank you for the same. I must say you usually send me something I don't care a snap for, but this year you couldn't have struck it better. (Well, for mercy sake.) I have been thinking for a long time that I ought to get out and see more of the world, instead of being so shut up by myself, and when those shirts came I decided to put one of them on and go some place. So I went to a sociable at Deacon Brown's, and I'll be blessed if I didn't have a first-rate good time. Next week I'm going to an old settlers' meeting at Hollendale, and as I intend to enjoy myself now for a few years, I'm much obliged for those shirts.

Your obedient uncle,
Benjamin Edward Haskins.

Of all the wonders! The very idea! Whatever possessed the old man? Thankful for white shirts! I'd as soon have expected him to be thankful for a barrel of pickled potato bugs. Well, I'm glad of it. Now let's see what Joshua says. (*Reads aloud.*)

Dear Sister Lucinda:—

The skates you sent arrived safely, and I must hasten to thank you for them. In the first place, they reminded me of pleasant old times. Do you remember how we used to skate on the pond in the back pas-

ture, and how Mary Evans and I always used to beat in the races? Were you thinking of those happy days when you got the skates? (Hum, that homely little Mary Evans. Joshua always did think she was the only girl in the neighborhood.) Then, in the second place, the doctor says I have been working in the office too closely and must get out for some invigorating exercise. As my rheumatism is better this winter, I think skating will be the very thing for me, and you know how fond I used to be of it. (I declare, I had forgotten that Joshua used to like to skate better than to eat.) Somehow, sister, those skates made me feel ten years younger, and I thank you for them more than I can say. They pleased me more than anything else you could have sent, and you surely had the true Christmas spirit when you decided on them.

Your loving brother,
Joshua L. Sharpe.

(Rises and walks back and forth.) I wonder if I am dreaming! Joshua on skates, feeling ten years younger, and I filled with the true Christmas spirit! What a nice picture! I suppose I should be glad to have things turn out so well, but it is rather a—a surprise. I think I'll see if Alec raves over his "Love Letters." *(Sits and reads aloud:)*

My dear Cousin:—

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your Christmas gift and to heartily thank you for the same. I am most grateful to you for the selection. (Dear me, either I'm going silly, or all of my relations are.) People have seemed to think that because I am a professor of history I do not appreciate the tender, sentimental side of life, but I do not think that nature intended us to be always studious and dwelling on the intellectual. To be frank with you, I have always had a longing for the romantic, and regret that I did not marry years ago. This feeling has been intensified

by reading the beautiful pictures of love revealed in the sketches you sent, and I am wondering if it is yet too late for me to settle down and enjoy the pleasures of home life. But what surprises me, cousin, is that you should have understood me so well and known that, in spite of what people think, I should be pleased with your selection. Again let me thank you for it.

Your affectionate cousin,

Alec H. Sanderson.

Well, if I ever felt used up in my life. The dear fellow, to think I understood him. I just believe I'm the meanest-spirited woman in the world. If he gets married now and lives happy ever after it will be on account of the loving Christmas spirit that prompted me to send that book. Wonder what Amanda says. I'm prepared for anything now. (*Reads aloud.*)

My dear Lucinda:—

You dear girl, I'm just going to tell you all about it. We were going to keep it for a secret, but I'm so pleased with the lovely guitar that I'm going to confess to you. We're going to be, that is, we're engaged, and oh, he's the dearest fellow in the world. Not so handsome, you know, but just lovely. It won't be till summer, and you must surely come to the wedding. He loves music and is a real nice singer, and he has been teasing me to get a guitar and learn to play for him, and now I'm going to work at it just as hard as ever I can. I'm sure I can learn, for love makes labor light, you know. I wish you would fall in love, too, dear Lucinda, and thank you for the guitar.

Your very loving cousin,

Amanda Sharpe.

Hum, I haven't any desire to fall in love, but if things keep on in this way, there is no telling what may happen. I wonder if this is all a big joke, or if it is fate, or if Providence was good enough to turn my

meanness to some good account. I can't stand Caroline's letter now; she's rapturously happy over her wheel, I know, and thinks I'm an angel for sending it. I'm going to lie down a while.

CHRISTMAS VISIONS.

A Scenic Reading.

The light should be dim, and about four feet from the back of the stage have a tightly stretched curtain of lengths of mosquito netting sewed together, behind which the actors appear, thus giving them rather a hazy effect. A grandma with white hair, white lace cap, white neckerchief and apron, spectacles and a dark gown sits in a rocker in front of the curtain with knitting work in her lap. During the reading she pretends to sleep, nodding her head gently. At back of stage, behind the curtain, arrange a fireplace (three boards nailed together thus  and covered with dark cloth will do), stand it against the wall and from it hang four filled stockings.

The descriptions are read by some one standing at side of stage.

'Tis Christmas eve, and grandma sits dreamily thinking of bygone years and happy scenes of her life that have been connected with the merry Yuletide. Many years have passed since the first Christmas she recalls, yet it does not seem long, so swiftly have the changing seasons sped. With drooping head and tired eyes grandma sees once more the visions of the past, scenes of the blessed Christmas time.

(Four children of from four to ten years of age, wearing long white night dresses, come running on behind the curtain, each takes a stocking from the fire-

place, peeks into it, pats it lovingly, then they scamper from the stage with the stockings.)

There is the first Christmas morning she remembers, when, a tiny girl, she hurries out eagerly to the great fire-place with her brothers and sister, her heart beating joyously at sight of the bulging stockings. Eagerly they loosen them, and with just a peek inside as they wonder at the mysterious contents, they hasten back to their warm beds, there to enjoy the presents so dearly prized.

And her first Christmas sleighride with a youthful admirer.

(A boy of ten comes on stage, pulling a small sled on which is seated a girl of six in old-fashioned hood and coat, clinging tightly to the sides of the sleigh. At center of stage they stop, the boy turns and smiles at the girl as if talking, then goes on across stage and off at opposite side.)

Surely it could not have been seventy years ago, so clearly she remembers it. At neighbor Bowman's a Christmas party was held and though the rest of her family walked, her youthful admirer, William, proudly insisted on coming for her with his sled. Not a long ride it was, but such a merry one, and grandma smiles happily as she seems to feel again the bracing, frosty air.

Years pass and the scene changes. *(A girl of sixteen, in quaint, old-fashioned gown, comes on with a tiny package which she opens, disclosing a plain gold ring. After gazing at it smilingly, she kisses it, slips it on her finger and passes from stage.)* She sees a happy maiden, her tender eyes shining with newly awakened feeling, receiving her first Christmas gift from him whom she is beginning to regard as more than a friend. Long years the band shone upon her slender finger, but now, too thread-like to be worn, the frail memento is lovingly treasured among her keepsakes.

Next comes the vision of her marriage day. (*A bride, dressed in white, appears behind the curtain, leaning on the arm of a young man. A clergyman follows, they stand a moment, then pass off at opposite side.*) That most important of all Christmases, when, in the freshness of her young womanhood, she became a wife and went trustingly forth to a new home. Young she was, only eighteen, yet with the care and responsibility came a happiness that was never clouded. Safe in the care of a loving heart and strong arm she had bravely and contentedly faced the trials the years had brought.

Two swift years pass and smilingly she sees the day—such a day of pleasure and excitement, when baby enjoyed his first Christmas tree. (*A young man enters, carrying a small Christmas tree on which are a number of presents, that he sets on a stand at back of stage. The mother follows, carrying a child in short dresses. They eagerly watch its interest in things, then pass off, taking tree with them.*)

The happiness of the home has been increased by the arrival of a tiny autocrat whose baby hands and winning smiles rule the household with a power as irresistible as it is delightful. What a strong, bonny darling he was, and how their hearts filled with loving pride as they watched his wonder in the Christmas scene.

And now, as the years speed on, follow visions of Christmas reunions. (*A group of ten or more comes on stage, men, women, children and babies. They stand in two lines, and as the reader finishes the words "swelling through the rooms," they softly sing a stanza of a Christmas song, then pass from stage.*) Slowly the family band increases as the tall boys and girls leave the parental roof to form new homes. Surely no days could be happier or more eagerly looked forward to than those of the dear ones' home-coming with the grandchildren, who bring music and sunshine to the

quiet old homestead. Again she seems to hear the sweet Christmas carols swelling through the rooms.

Then comes the memory of the last Christmas her dear one had spent with her. (*A white-haired grandpa, leaning on a cane, comes slowly on the stage, leading a little boy. They pause while the old man pats the child's head, then continue across to opposite side.*) Trustingly and devotedly had they walked the long path of happy wedded life, their constant love growing more perfect as the days passed. Ah, no other could have been so much to her—the constant, thoughtful husband, still her devoted lover, when he was called from her. Fond she was of the handsome young husband who took her from the girlhood home, but far dearer is the picture of the white-haired comrade who had become a part of her very self, tried and proved true by years of companionship. Soon she will be with him, only a short time now—perhaps by another Christmas, and then—

(*The reader pauses, a little girl comes running up to the grandma and calls out.*) "Oh, grandma, you must come and go to bed, or you can't wake up early to see what Santa Claus brings you."

(*Grandma wakes with a start, says,*) "Yes, dearie, I'm coming" (*and they pass from the stage*).

PEACE ON EARTH.

CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. LENNAN and their son, Roy, and a half a dozen or more Christmas singers.

Scene is laid in the sitting-room of the LENNANS. MR. and MRS. LENNAN present. At one corner of stage arrange a window casing (one can be made of four boards nailed together if no other can be secured),

which should be set upon a box draped with dark cloth and have wooden braces nailed to the floor and the casing to hold it securely. Fix it so the singers can come on at one side of stage and stand outside of the window while singing. Hang curtains at the window and drape them back at each side to give an artistic effect.

MR. L. Well, mother, what is troubling you that you look so solemn? Thinking of that wayward son of yours, I suppose.

MRS. L. Oh, Henry, I was just thinking that this is the season of peace on earth, when good will should prevail among men. All anger or hard feeling should be banished and our hearts filled with the loving cheer of the true Christmas spirit.

MR. L. Yes, this is Christmas eve, and you must not be sorrowful. We can surely find something cheerful to think about and not be gloomy as merry Christmas draws near.

MRS. L. Ah, but how can I be cheerful when our only son is away from home, parted from us in anger, wandering we know not where, while you, his father, are filled with bitterness toward him?

MR. L. Yes, Margaret, it is sad, but I only told him the truth and treated him as he deserved. Am I to blame if his rashness and disobedience brought him into trouble?

MRS. L. Of course the poor boy did wrong, but you know he is young and did not realize what he was doing. Our only son, and I love him so dearly—how can I but grieve for him? He was so bright and happy, a ray of sunshine in our home. Oh, if you would forgive him, Henry, and bring him back to me.

MR. L. (*Walking back and forth.*) I know how you feel, Margaret, and I am sorry to have you unhappy, but I cannot feel different about the trouble he has caused us. Time enough to think about forgiv-

ing him when he comes back and asks for it, and I cannot ask him to come home. He must come of his own will, sorry for his wrong doing and willing to turn over a new leaf.

MRS. L. (*Sadly.*) Oh, husband, you have not the true Christmas spirit. Your heart should so overflow with love and peace that you would freely offer good will to all men; but instead you refuse it to your own child, our only son. You surely cannot love him.

MR. L. I do love him, but I cannot lightly overlook his misconduct. Let him stay away until he comes back anxious to be a comfort rather than a disgrace to us.

MRS. L. (*Sadly.*) Let us talk no more of it. I trust all may come right in time. Get the Book, Henry, and read our evening verses.

MR. L. gets the Bible and reads:

1. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

2. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

3. When Herod the king had heard these things he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

4. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

6. And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel.—Matt. 2:1-6.

(The singers now appear at the window and sing

softly to the tune "While the Morning Bells Are Ringing":)

While the infant Christ lay sleeping
 Wise men sought Him from afar,
 Seeking for the Jews' new Ruler,
 Guided by a shining star.

MRS. L. Oh, the Christmas singers! I am always so glad to hear them. Read some more and perhaps they will sing again.

MR. L. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:8-14.

(*Singers at the window:*)

While the stars were brightly shining,
 O'er the hills in Judea's land.
 Swelling on the air came floating
 Music by an angel band.

While the Christmas bells are ringing.
 We would sing our carols sweet,
 Bringing to thee peace and gladness,
 As the Christmas day we greet.

MRS. L. Oh, Henry, can you not lay all bitterness and anger aside, letting the sweet peace and love of Christmas take its place? Wherever our son may wander, whatever may be his faults, will you not say that you love and forgive him freely? For Christmas' sake will you not say it?

MR. L. (*Rising.*) Yes, I say it. Though he has been disobedient and has filled my heart with sorrow, I love him and forgive him freely. I cannot spend Christmas with bitterness in my heart.

Roy (*Who has entered unseen while his father was speaking.*) Oh, father, thank God for those words. (*Puts his arm around his mother and clasps his father's hand.*) The wanderer has returned to beg your forgiveness, filled with the Christmas spirit, which compelled me to come back, hoping to be an honor to your name and a comfort in your home.

MRS. L. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

A MOTHER GOOSE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

For twelve boys and girls.

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER GOOSE.

BOY BLUE.

OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

SIMPLE SIMON.

JACK HORNER.

MISS MUFFET.

JACK and JILL.

CROSS PATCH.

KING COLE.

BACHELOR.

BO PEEP.

(MOTHER GOOSE enters, arrayed in slippers with

large bows, short striped skirt, bright overskirt, plain waist with wide ruffles around the neck and sleeves, and a high hat.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Good day to you, ladies and gentlemen all,
 Good day to you, children, the large and the small,
 I think the good news has already been told
 That a Christmas party I'm going to hold.
 'Tis kind in you all such an interest to show,
 But you will enjoy my reception, I know.
 And I think you will surely agree when I say
 The best time for parties is on Christmas day.
 I've worked hard to gather my long scattered band,
 And trust that they'll try to be promptly on hand.

(Walks back and forth across stage.)

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn,
 That woke folks up on Christmas morn.
 Where is the boy who would not sleep,
 But at Saint Nicholas tried to peep?

(Enter BOY BLUE, wearing white waist, large blue tie and blue cap. He carries a horn while he marches across the stage blowing, then stops by MOTHER GOOSE.)

BOY BLUE.

How do you like my horn, anyway?
 Santa Claus brought it to me to-day.
 These horns are just the things for boys.
 (toot—toot—toot.)
 'Cause they're so fond of making noise.
 (toot—toot—toot.)
 A constant racket I shall keep,
 So baby cannot get to sleep.
 (toot—toot—toot.)

(Boy Blue passes to back of stage and stands, and Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe enters, dressed as a matron and wheeling a go-cart packed full of dolls, some of them badly battered.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Now, here is another, and how do you do?

Why, this is the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

OLD WOMAN.

Yes, I am that old woman often talked about by you, Who had so many children she did not know what to do. But I love them all so dearly I cannot let one go, No matter how decrepit or crippled they may grow. Susanna, here, has lost an eye, and Mary's lost an arm, While Nell has cracked her head and Jane's foot has come to harm.

But to my precious darlings I ever shall be true, Though I've so many children that I don't know what to do.

(She passes to back of stage and SIMPLE SIMON enters, dressed as a dude, carrying a cane and a long stick of candy.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Well, here's Simple Simon, sure as I'm alive; How are you, Simple Simon? Tell us how you thrive.

SIMPLE SIMON.

Yes, I'm Simple Simon, and I think I am a dandy, Down town I saw a man who sells fine Christmas candy.

It looked so good I wanted some as bad as all the earth,

So I told the shopman that I'd take a dollar's worth. He answered with a manner that did my feelings smash,

"Please, my fine young fellow, I'd like to see your cash."

And so, because it happened I didn't have a cent,
I merely bowed quite coldly, and from his shop I went.
But you see, I got some candy after all, because
I found this (*Holds up candy*) 'mong the presents
brought by Santa Claus.

(*He stands by BOY BLUE, and JACK HORNER enters, dressed as far as possible in red and carrying a long stocking full of packages.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

And now who is this? Dear me, it's Jack Horner,
The boy who's so fond of a seat in the corner.

JACK HORNER.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
With a stocking on Christmas morn,
He pulled out candy, books and toys,
A gun and other Christmas joys,
And said while eating pink popcorn,
"I'm dreadful glad that I was born."

(*He passes to back of stage and MISS MUFFET enters, a small girl carrying a large doll. At one side of stage have a box, covered with a shawl or cloth, large enough for two to sit on. MISS MUFFET sits down on that.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
With her new Christmas doll, Nellie Bly:
But a bad boy espied her

(*SIMPLE SIMON sits down by her, takes her doll and jumps it up and down. MISS MUFFET cries.*)

And sat down beside her,
And teased her until she did cry.

OLD WOMAN.

Oh, you naughty boy,
To tease Miss Muffet so!
Unless you want a scolding
You had better go.

(SIMPLE SIMON runs back to his place; MISS MUFFET takes her doll and stands by the OLD WOMAN. JACK and JILL enter, JACK carrying a small Christmas tree trimmed with tinsel, popcorn, etc. They march back and forth across the stage.)

JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To find a Christmas tree;
They found a pretty evergreen
And clapped their hands with glee.
They chopped it down from base to crown,
And carried it away,
And here you see the lovely tree
They'll have on Christmas Day.

(JACK sets the tree on the box where MISS MUFFET sat, and he and JILL pass to back of stage and stand with the others. Enter CROSS PATCH, crying.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Well, here comes Mistress Cross Patch,
I don't know where you'll find her match.
Cross Patch, what makes you naughty, pray,
Why not be good on Christmas Day?

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Oh, Cross Patch, if you don't be good,
And act as nice young ladies should,
When Santa comes he will not bring
You toys, nor dolls, nor anything.

CROSS PATCH.

I don't like Santa, boo-hoo-hoo,
And I am sure I don't like you.
He needn't bring me things, boo-hoo,
Because I do not want him to.

ALL.

Oh, boo-hoo-hoo, what does ail you?
Has your poor heart been broke in two?

CROSS PATCH.

I shall not tell you, so, so, so,
And so you'll never know, know, know.

(She passes to back of stage and Bo PEEP enters.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Well, little Bo Peep, and is this you?
Come in and tell us how you do.

Bo PEEP.

Little Bo Peep has lost so much sleep
She doesn't know what to do.
And the reason I lost it and just the way
I'm going to reveal to you.
Of our dear old Santa Claus jolly
I never have had a sight,
Because you know he always arrives
So very late at night,
I made up my mind I'd keep awake
And hide by the Christmas tree,
Then when Santa came with the presents,
I'd be right there to see.
Well, I watched and waited and watched,
Till the time seemed most a year,
And I never closed my eyes at all,
But old Santa did not appear.
At last, when I guess 'twas most morning,
I decided that I'd go to bed.

But Santa Claus came after all
 With my presents, and mamma said
 He was cross because I was peeking,
 So he left them with her instead.

(*She takes a place by the others, and the BACHELOR WHO LIVED BY HIMSELF enters, carrying a very large stocking made out of bright cloth.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Once there was a Bachelor,
 Who lived by himself,
 And all the bread and cheese he got
 He put upon a shelf.
 But the rats and the mice led him such a life,
 He thought he'd better hunt around and find him-
 self a wife.

BACHELOR.

I have hunted and I've searched
 As hard as I can try,
 But not a woman can I find
 Who'll marry such as I.
 So I have made a stocking
(Holds up the long stocking.)
 That I'll hang up and see
 If the good old Santa Claus
 Won't bring a wife to me.

(*As he passes to back of stage KING COLE enters. If possible, secure a boy for this part who plays the harmonica or some such instrument, but if none can be found, have KING COLE carry a drum, which he beats softly while the others, joining hands, circle gayly around him, saying*)

ALL.

Old King Cole is a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul is he;

He says at Christmas we should be
 Filled with cheer and dance in glee,
 So to-day we will be gay,
 And sing a jolly hip-ho-ree.

(As they stop MOTHER GOOSE steps up beside KING COLE and the others form a half-circle around them.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Since parties 'cannot last for aye,
 Even on the Christmas Day,
 Our fond adieus we'll have to say,
 And to our homes must hasten 'way

BOY BLUE.

Yes, I must go and blow my horn,
 And wake the echoes all forlorn.

(Blows horn.)

OLD WOMAN.

If I get home 'fore dark I'll have to hurry quick;
 Whatever will I do if my children all get sick?

JACK HORNER.

Little Jackie Horner
 Is getting anxious for his corner.

BACHELOR.

And ere next Christmas rolls around,
 I hope I shall a wife have found.

(MOTHER GOOSE and KING COLE march together to the center of front of stage and the others follow in single file, the OLD WOMAN pushing her go-cart, which she had left standing at the back of stage while they marched around KING COLE. They march once around the stage to KING COLE'S music and the tooting of BOY BLUE'S horn, and then pass off.)

CHRISTMAS EVE CONSPIRACY.

A Christmas Play in One Act, for Six Children.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. WINSLOW,
MERLE,
CARROLL,
MAUDE,
GRACE WINSLOW,
SANTA CLAUS.

MAUDE. Well, Tom says that he knows—

MERLE. Now, Maude, are you going to believe what Tom says? You know he just likes to tease because he thinks he's smart since he wears long pants and goes to high school.

CARROLL. And I guess Grandma knows more about it than Tom does, and she says that—

MAUDE. Yes, she says so, but who knows it for true? Who has ever seen him? If there is such a really person, why can't we know it sure, and not just hear about it?

GRACE. But lots of folks have seen him, and he was as real and alive as you are. Edith Judson saw him once, and he was—

MAUDE. Maybe it was someone dressed up to play Santa Claus.

MERLE. Now, shame on you, Maude, to be so—so disbelievey 'bout Santa Claus. If you don't look out he won't bring you any presents. Mamma says he knows if children are bad.

GRACE. I wish I could see him come down the chimney with the pack of presents.

(At center of back of stage a fireplace should be arranged. One can be constructed out of heavy building paper or of boards nailed together and covered with dark cloth. CARROLL now gets down on his knees and looks up the flue.)

CARROLL. Well, anyway, I don't see how Santa Claus is going to get down this fireplace; it's so little and he's so fat. Maybe he can stretch. Do you suppose he is a rubberneck?

MAUDE (*Getting down and examining the fireplace*). No, he can't get down, and I know it. I just believe the whole thing is a story, like about the fairies, and that there isn't any—

MERLE (*Half crying*). Now, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Maude. I think Santa Claus is the dearest old fellow, and you needn't try to spoil everything about him.

MAUDE. All right, then; let's prove it. Let's watch to-night and find out just who puts the presents in our stockings.

GRACE. Oh, I think that's mean, to try and spy on Santa Claus when he's so good.

CARROLL. Let's do it; I want to see him.

MAUDE. Well, Merle, if you are so afraid he's just a make-believe and won't come, we won't watch.

MERLE. He's not just a make-believe, and—

(Enter MRS. WINSLOW, who stands at side of stage, unseen by the children.)

MAUDE. All right, then, we'll watch and prove it. We'll come back here after Papa and Mamma have gone to bed and stay till we find out just what happens.

GRACE. Yes, Merle, we'll do it, and Maude will find out that there is a Santa Claus.

CARROLL. And we can tell bear stories, so we won't get sleepy while we watch.

MRS. W. (*Coming forward*.) Come, my children, it is getting time for the trip to Dreamland. You know you want to wake early to-morrow morning.

GRACE. Yes, Mamma, just as soon as we hang up our stockings. (*Each child hangs a long stocking up, two at either side of the fireplace*.)

MAUDE. Now we're ready, Mamma. Come on, chilluns. Good night, Mumsey.

MRS. W. Good night, my dears. Pleasant dreams & Christmas joys. I hope Santa Claus will think you have been good enough to merit a generous supply of presents.

GRACE. Oh, Mumsey, of course we've been good—at least, I have.

CARROLL. Not as good as I've been. I've tried, oh, awful hard; haven't I, Mamma?

MRS. W. Surely, my son. You are the best boy of just your age that I've got. But now for bed.

CHILDREN. Good night, good night, Mamma, dear. (*They hurry from stage.*)

MRS. W. And so that is the plan. Maude is getting quite suspicious of the genuineness of Santa Claus. I think I shall have to see about this matter. Let me see; what shall I do? (*Meditates.*) I have it. I think I can satisfy her curiosity, but I must hurry. (*Gets paper and pencil and writes four notes. She slips one of these down in each stocking.*) Now I must find Papa Winslow. Maude will find out that more than one can plan Christmas conspiracies. (*Leaves the room after turning the light low.*)

(Enter the FOUR CHILDREN very softly. They sit on the floor in one corner and arrange two chairs in front of them.)

GRACE. Now Santa surely won't see us when he comes in, and we can peek around the chairs and tell just what he is doing.

MERLE. Yes, but we must keep still as mice, for I am sure old Saint Nicholas would be cross if he knew we were here.

CARROLL. It's dreadful kind of still and lonesome here. Let's tell stories, so we won't get tired of waiting. You tell a story, Maude.

MAUDE. All right, but you must sit up close to me, so I can whisper it and not make any noise. (*A pause, during which low whispering is heard.*)

MERLE (*Peeking around the chair*). I believe it

must be past midnight. I'm getting dreadful tired. Do you suppose Santa came when we didn't know it?

CARROLL. I heard a noise a while ago.

MAUDE. Of course he hasn't been here, or we would have heard him.

GRACE. Well, I'm going to see if there is anything in our stockings. (*She tiptoes over to the fireplace.*) No, they're empty. He has not been here. Oh, here's a piece of paper in this stocking. (*Pulls it out.*) Oh, it's a note. (*Feels of the other stockings.*) Why, there is one in each stocking. (*Takes the four notes over to the others.*)

MAUDE. Let me see what they are. (GRACE gives her the notes. *The CHILDREN all go over by the fireplace and MAUDE reads the notes aloud:*) This one is for me. Just listen.

Miss Maude:

I know many girls older than you who believe there is a Santa Claus. Of course, if you believe there is no Saint Nick you can't expect presents from him, for how could Santa bring presents when there isn't any Santa? So you won't be disappointed not to get anything this year.

From the real, live, old
Santa Claus.

MERLE. Oh, Maudie, isn't that too bad? Never mind, I'll give you some of my presents. Read another one.

MAUDE. This one is for Carroll. I wonder what he says. (*Reads.*)

Master Carroll:

I am not a rubberneck, and you are right about the chimney, for it is so narrow I can't get down. Your grandfathers knew enough to build chimneys with some room in them, and the folks nowdays do not deserve presents; they are so stingy with their fireplaces.

Last year I climbed in the hall window at your house, but this year I am not going to stop, because I do not like to be watched.

Your friend,
Saint Nicholas.

CARROLL. Oh, after I've been so good. (*Begins to cry.*) I think that is just awful mean, so there.

MERLE. Oh, please read what he says to me. I just can't stand it if he isn't going to give me any presents.

MAUDE. Well, this one is yours. You mustn't feel bad, though, if it is like ours.

Dear Merle:

I am glad you were so sure there is a Santa Claus, but it is too bad you let the others coax you to sit up and peek at me. If you had stayed in bed I could have put your presents by your pillow, but now I am afraid you'll have to wait till next year.

Your loving
Santa Claus.

MERLE. Oh, oh, oh, how could he be so hard on me? It's all your fault, Maude, because you got us to watch him. And you see there is a Santa Claus, and he heard all we said. Oh, oh. (*Cries.*)

GRACE. Never mind, Merle dear. Mine will be the same, I suppose, but I am not going to cry. We ought not to have been so naughty. Read mine, Maude.

MAUDE (*Reading*).

Dear Grace:

The books I brought you last year are most worn out, the rose jar is broken, the bangles are lost off your bracelet, and your doll is badly battered. I hope, as long as I am not going to stop at your house this

Christmas, that you will learn to be more careful before I come next year.

Your old friend,
Saint Nick.

MAUDE. There, Grace, isn't Mamma always talking to you about being so careless with your presents? Well, I suppose we won't have a thing this year, and what a gloomy time we will have to-morrow. Oh, dear. I do wish we had stayed in bed.

CARROLL. So do I. (*Throws himself in a chair and covers his face with his hands.* MERLE *leans against the wall and cries, while GRACE tries to comfort her.* MAUDE *stands looking at the notes.* Enter SANTA CLAUS, *softly and unseen*).

SANTA. Well, well, what is the meaning of this? It looks as if there was a funeral here.

CARROLL. Oh, dear Santa, I have been so good; can't I have just one present? I won't ever try to peep again.

MAUDE. Oh, Santa Claus, it was all my fault they did it. Give the others some presents and just punish me. And I do believe in you now, Santa Claus.

SANTA. Well, I thought you would feel sorry for what you had done, and as I have always thought a good deal of you children, I had to change my mind and come back, after all. I had quite a time climbing in that window. Don't like the new-fangled houses a bit. Well, I guess I have been everywhere else, and all that are left are for you, so you can take the sack. No, I'll hang it here by the fireplace and you can open it in the morning, for it is time you youngsters were in bed. Now, I must hurry home to Mrs. Santa Claus, so run along with you. Good night, and a merry Christmas.

CHILDREN. Oh, thank you, dear Santa. Merry Christmas. Good night. (*They hurry off to bed.*)

MRS. W. (*Entering*). Now, I do hope Maude will

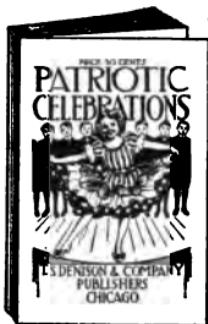
be convinced for a while and let the other children alone.

SANTA. Well, it was a hard lesson. The poor dears felt pretty bad. I hope they won't find out it was only their Papa.

CURTAIN.

FINIS.

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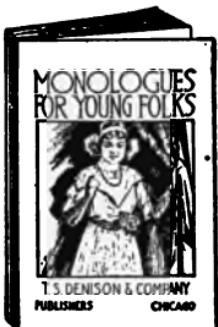
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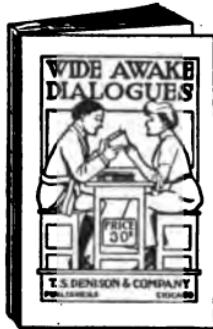
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The cordial reception given "Good Things for Christmas" has induced us to publish another book of material for Christmas. To keep alive the Christmas spirit and perpetuate its customs is to form character and elevate a nation; and this is largely accomplished by the sentiments of the Yuletide programs. May the hours you spend in training your speakers bring you not only the pleasure of a successful entertainment, but the deeper joy of the character-builder.

CONTENTS.

Recitations and Monologues.
Bells We Like, The.
Best Day, The.
Best Month, The.
Buying Christmas Presents.
Christmas Is a Merry Day.
Christmas Is Coming.
Christmas Just the Same.
Christmas Presents.
Christmas Quotations.
Christmas Songs.
Concerning Christmas.
Dear Santa Claus.
Dolly Time.
Dolly's Presents.
Free Gift, A.
Giving and Getting.
Good Days of the Year, The.
Jack's Bright Idea.
Joke On Pa, A.
Letter to Santa, A.
Little Pine, The.
Making People Merry.
Miss Susan's Christmas Presents.
Nan's Christmas Arithmetic.
Poor Dolly.
Present for Aunt Jane, A.
Recipe for a Merry Christmas.
Santa's Soliloquy.
Secret, A.
Signs of Christmas.
Song of Christmas, A.

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Upon the Christmas Tree.
Very Good Boy, A.
What I'll Do.
Which Present Was It.
Wonderful Man, A.
Songs, Exercises, Drills and Dialogues.
At Christmas Time.
Bethlehem Babe, The.
Christmas Bells.
Christmas Customs of Other Lands.
Christmas Greens, The.
Christmas Grouch, The.
Christmas Intruder, A.
Christmas Shoppers, The.
Christmas Snap Shots.
December's Play.
Drill of the Christmas Stockings.
Flag at Christmas, The.
Helping Santa Claus.
Holly March and Song.
Merry Christmas Day.
Mrs. Brown's Christmas Present.
Old Christmas Dolls.
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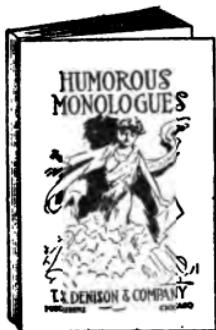
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Baby's Stocking.
Beautiful Garden of Toys.
Before and After.
Best Claus.
Bureau of Christmas Information.
Christmas Glee.
Christmas Secret.
Christmas Spirit.
Christmas Story.
Christmas Tree.
Christmas Troubles.
Christmas Weather.
Curious Little Ted.
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Dolly's Presents.
Father Time's Gift.
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Hanging Up the Stockings.
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Longest Day of the Year.
Merry Christmas.
Mr. Brown Returns Thanks.
Mrs. Santa Claus.
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Hans Von Smash, 30 min.... 4 3	
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min. 3 2	
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.... 8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min... 3 3	
Is the Editor In? 20 min.... 4 2	
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.... 5 1	
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.... 8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m. 1 3	
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m. 7 9	
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m. 8	
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My Wife's Relations, 1 hr... 4 6	
Not a Man in the House, 40 m. 5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.... 1 1	
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min..... 4 3	
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.... 6 2	
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min. 6 3	
Regular Fix, 35 min.... 6 4	
Second Childhood, 15 min.... 2 2	
Shadows, 35 min.... 2 2	
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min. 7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min. 5 3	
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.... 3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.... 3 2	
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min. 4 4	
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Two of a Kind, 40 min.... 2 3	
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Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m. 4 4	
Wanted a Hero, 20 min..... 1 1	

Wide Enough for Two, 45 min. 5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min..... 8	
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr..... 7 3	

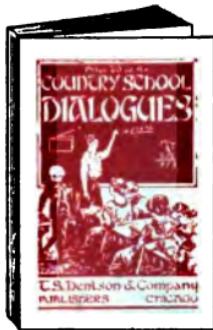
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Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min..... 1	
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.... 2	
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min..... 2	
For Reform, 20 min..... 4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 mid.. 2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min. 1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min. 9 2	
Her Hero, 20 min..... 1	
Hey, Rubel! 15 min..... 1	
Home Run, 15 min..... 1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min..... 4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m. 4	
Love and Lather, 35 min..... 3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.... 1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min..... 5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.... 4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min..... 1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.... 1	
Oh, Doctor! 30 min..... 6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..... 4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min..... 2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m. 1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min..... 2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min. 2	
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m. 6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min..... 4	2
Si and I, 15 min..... 1	
Special Sale, 15 min..... 2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min.. 2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.. 1	
Time Table, 20 min..... 1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min. 1	
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min... 4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.. 1	
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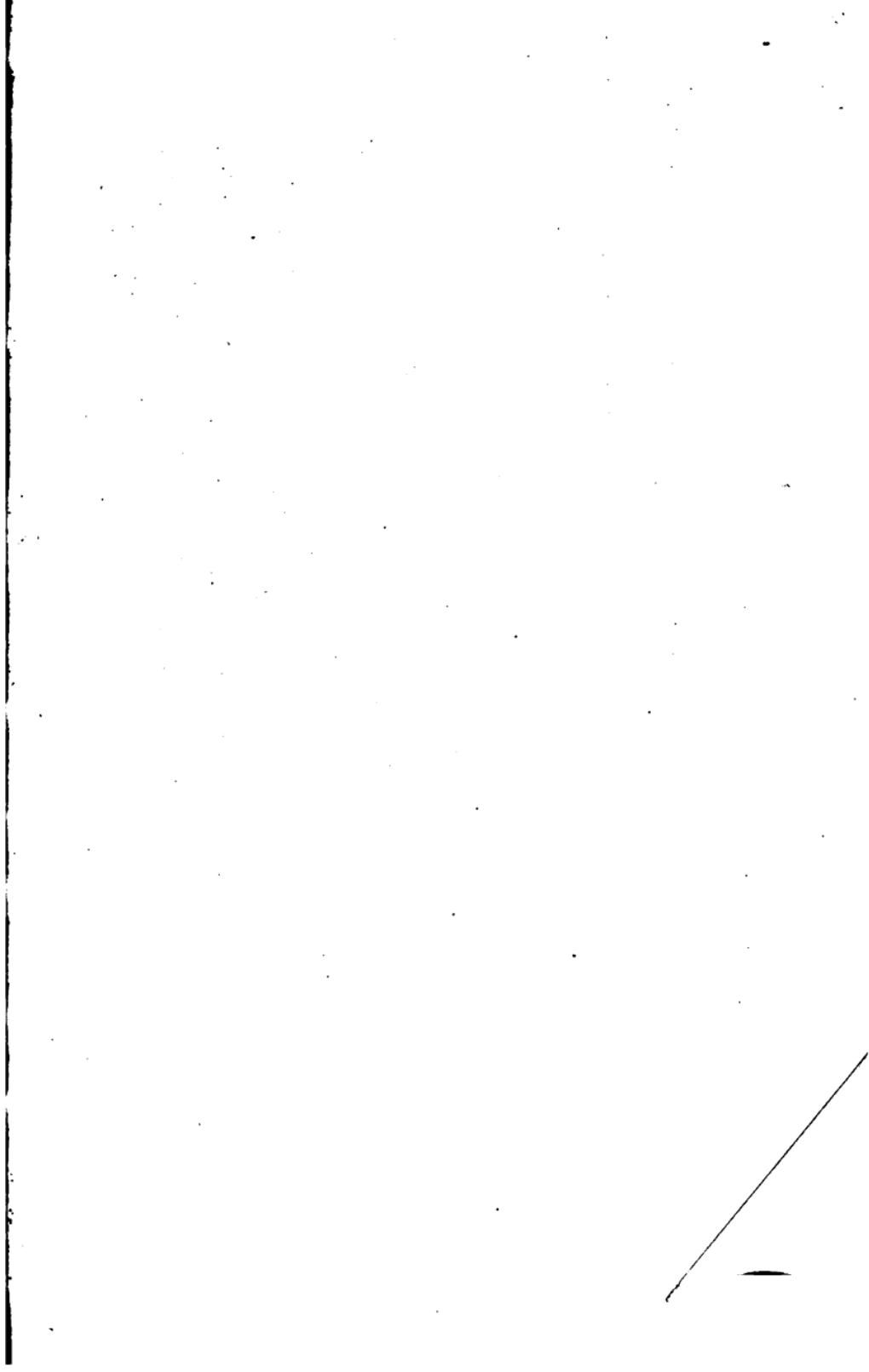
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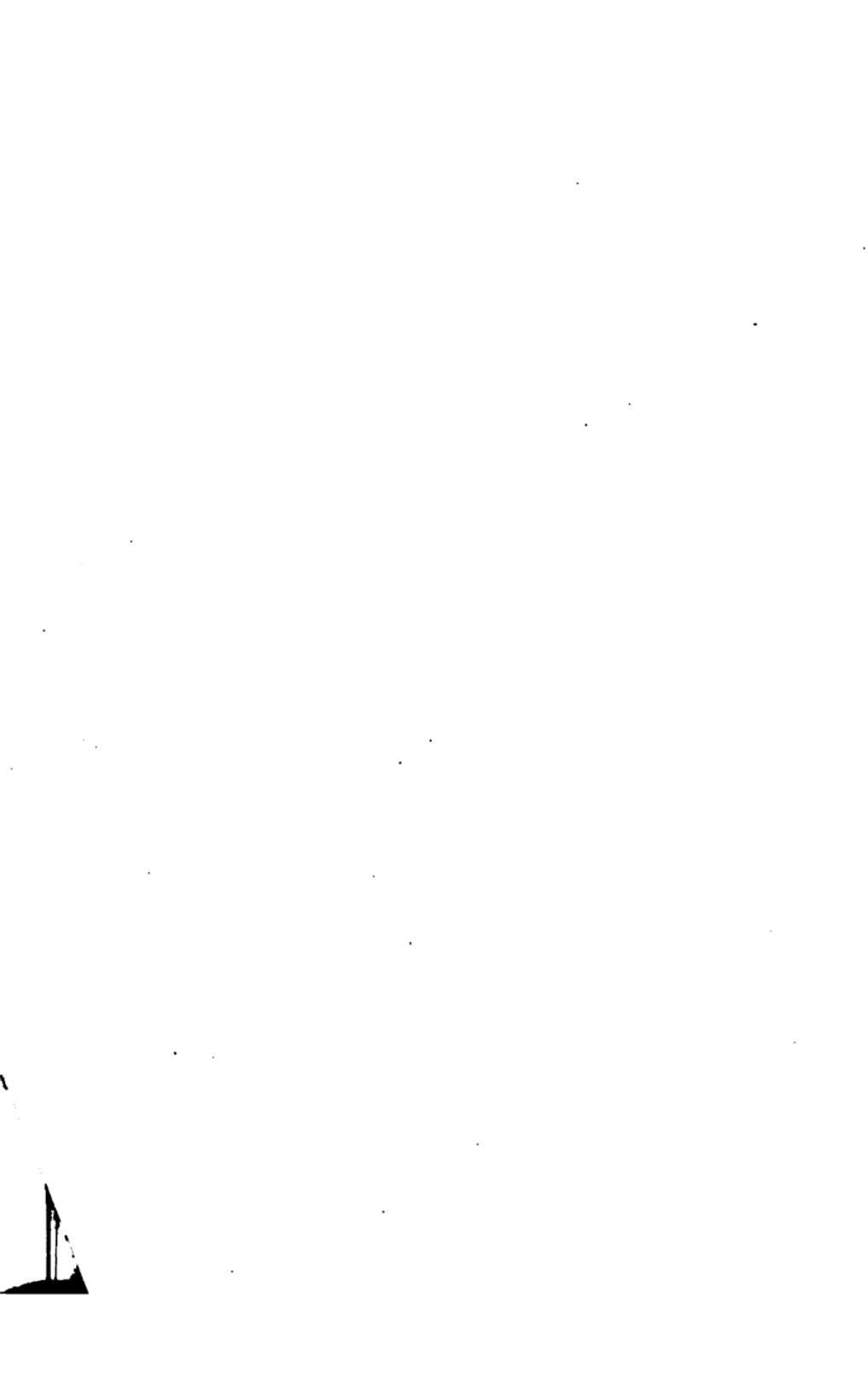
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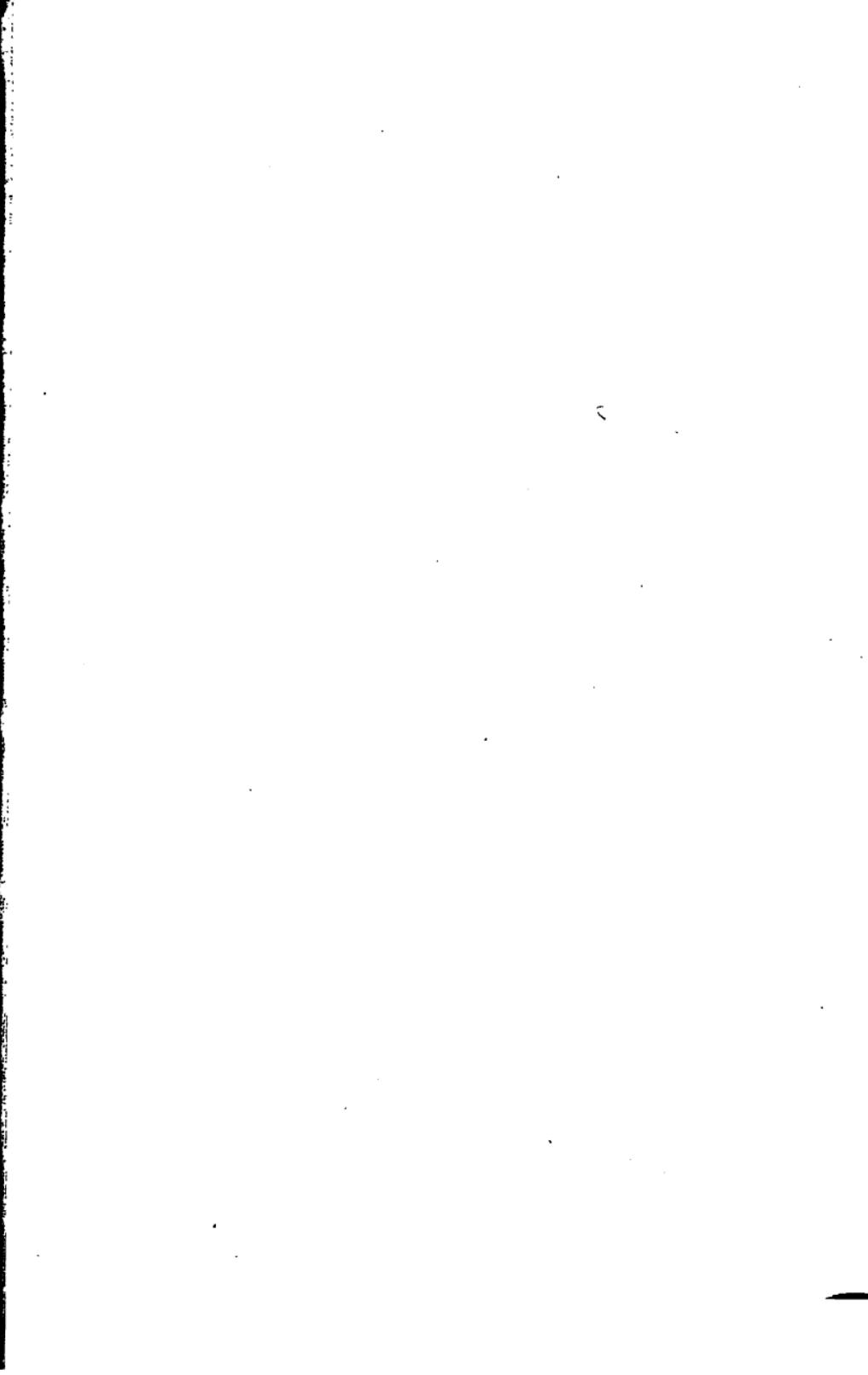
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